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CHAMP CLARK

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Sixty-Sixth Congress, Third Session - - - - House Document No. 1029

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CHAMP CLARK

(Late a Representative from Missouri)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-SIXTH CONGRESS
THIRD SESSION

MARCH 3, 1921

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Thomson-Ellis Company, Baltimore

DEATH OF HON. CHAMP CLARK

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

WEDNESDAY, *March 2, 1921.*

Mr. RUCKER. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my painful duty to announce to the House the death of one of its most prominent Members. Ex-Speaker CLARK passed away a few moments ago at his hotel in this city.

I talked with his son for a few moments an hour or two ago, and he said that his father's latest conscious expression gave voice to his great anxiety for the legislative success of this Congress. He said his father, if he knew he could be heard, would say to his son that he wished there would be no adjournment in consequence of his death.

At a later hour in the day, Mr. Speaker, I shall offer appropriate resolutions, which I trust the House will adopt.

Mr. MONDELL. Mr. Speaker, out of our high regard for our departed friend, our sincere sympathy with his family, and in honor of his memory, I ask that the House now stand in recess for 30 minutes.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Wyoming asks unanimous consent that the House now stand in recess for 30 minutes. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Accordingly (at 2 o'clock and 22 minutes p. m.) the House stood in recess until 2 o'clock and 52 minutes p. m.

Mr. RUCKER. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that, beginning at 8 o'clock p. m., March 3, there may be an

hour in which Members shall have opportunity to deliver addresses upon the life, character, and public services of the late CHAMP CLARK, a Representative from the State of Missouri.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Missouri asks unanimous consent that to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock an hour be set apart for memorial exercises on the late Hon. CHAMP CLARK. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

Mr. RUCKER. Mr. Speaker, I present the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, UNITED STATES,
March 2, 1921.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. CHAMP CLARK, a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That a committee of the House be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. CLARK in the Hall of the House of Representatives at 10 o'clock and 30 minutes antemeridian, on Saturday, March 5, instant, and that the Members of the present House and of the House elect attend the same.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect, the remains of Mr. CLARK be removed from Washington to Bowling Green, Mo., in charge of the Sergeant at Arms, attended by the committee, who shall have full power to carry these resolutions into effect, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate these proceedings to the Senate and invite the Vice President, the Vice President elect, the Members of the Senate, and the Members of the Senate elect to attend the funeral in the Hall of the House of Representatives; and that the Senate be invited to appoint a committee to act with the committee of the House.

Resolved, That invitations be extended to the President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet, the President elect and the members designate of his Cabinet, the Chief Justice and

the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Diplomatic Corps (through the Secretary of State), the Chief of Naval Operations, and the General of the Army to attend the funeral in the Hall of the House of Representatives.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

THURSDAY, *March 3, 1921.*

The House met at 11 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O God, help us to see Thee through our sorrow and to know Thee through the subtle processes of our hearts. The noblest creation of Thy handiwork is a good man. One has fallen; a mighty oak of the high lands has been lowered. In his heart there was no guile; his hand was never extended in infidelity; he wore his heart on his sleeve.

Oh, the workmen die but the work goes on forever. He was so constant in his labors, so just in his decisions, so manly and honorable in his bearing, that we would keep in sacred memory the moral grandeur of this man who wore truth upon his brow and kept falsehood under his feet.

Comfort and console the sorrowing ones to-day with the tenderest care, and abide with his honorable colleagues in the peace that passeth understanding, and may the watchword of this day be his word—duty. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

The Speaker announced the following committee to attend the funeral of the late Representative CHAMP CLARK, of Missouri:

Mr. Rucker, Mr. Dyer, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Romjue, Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Milligan, Mr. Hays, Mr. Bland of Missouri, Mr.

McPherson, Mr. Major, Mr. Newton of Missouri, Mr. Igoe, Mr. Rubey, Mr. Nelson of Missouri, Speaker Gillett, Mr. Cannon, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Mann of Illinois, Mr. Mondell, Mr. Kitchin, Mr. Garrett, Mr. Fordney, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Good, Mr. Byrnes of South Carolina, Mr. Longworth, Mr. Ferris, Mr. Campbell of Kansas, Mr. Flood, Mr. Mason, Mr. Johnson of Kentucky, Mr. Tincher, Mr. Williams, Mr. Clark, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Ireland, Mr. Hardy of Texas, Mr. Sanford, Mr. Gallivan, Mr. Jacoway, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Browne, Mr. Caraway, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Linthicum.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Crockett, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

Senate resolution 472

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. CHAMP CLARK, late a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That a committee of 14 Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer, to join the committee appointed by the House of Representatives, to take order for the superintending of the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Senate accepts the invitation of the House of Representatives extended to the Vice President, the Vice President elect, the Senate, and the Members of the Senate elect, to attend the funeral of the deceased, to be held in the Hall of the House of Representatives at 10.30 o'clock a. m. on Saturday next, March 5, instant.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The message also announced that the Presiding Officer had appointed as the committee on the part of the Senate to take order in superintending the funeral of Hon. CHAMP CLARK, late a Representative from the State of Missouri, Senators Reed, Spencer, Robinson, Sutherland, Shields, Kenyon, Owen, Lenroot, Ransdell, Fernald, Ashurst, Harrison, Beckham, and McKellar.

Mr. RUCKER. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may be permitted to extend their remarks in the Record upon the life, character, and public services of Mr. CLARK for 10 calendar days.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The SPEAKER. By special order the House has set aside this hour for memorial exercises in honor of the late Representative CHAMP CLARK. The gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Rucker] will please take the chair.

Mr. Rucker assumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Chair will recognize the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Dickinson].

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address of Mr. Dickinson, of Missouri

Mr. Speaker: A great character has passed into history. Missouri's foremost and best-beloved citizen has gone into the great beyond. The mystery of life has given way to the mystery of death. Champ Clark lives no more on earth, yet he lives in the hearts and affections of his multitude of friends and admirers. Those who knew him best loved him most. His career has been notable. His life work has been worth while. His years have been full of work and of deeds well done.

His personality was most striking. Tall of stature, large of build, and big of heart, he commanded the respect and love of all.

Born on March 7, 1850, in Anderson County, Ky.; on yesterday he died here in this Capital City, 71 years of age if he had lived till March the 7th. He was educated at Kentucky University and Bethany College and the Cincinnati Law School. At 22 he was president of Marshall College, West Virginia. In 1875 he moved to Missouri and attained high rank in the practice of law.

He was a member of the Missouri Legislature and was in Congress 26 years. He was the minority leader of his party in the House. He was eight years Speaker of this great representative body. His worthy record as Speaker endeared him to the entire membership of the House, and no man ever served in this House more loved than this big-hearted red-blooded Missourian. He was almost named by his party in the national convention at Baltimore in 1912. On nine ballots he was the majority choice,

and if the precedent of other conventions had not been broken, when a majority vote was quickly followed by a two-thirds vote, he would have been nominated and elected President of the United States. The history of that convention is known to all.

He was worthy of all the ambitions of his life. He was highly educated in the classics, in literature, in law, and in history. He was a great historian and knew the history of his country and its public men. He was a great figure in national politics, a stalwart in his own party. He presided with distinguished ability as permanent chairman of the national convention in St. Louis, when Alton B. Parker was nominated for President. Not a mere politician, he was a statesman of high order. He loved his country, his State, his home, his friends.

He was a man of rugged honesty and fearless courage, with a heart as tender as a child's. He was just, he was considerate, he loved the right and hated wrong. He made a good fight in the great battle of life. He loved this House—it was a home to him. His history is mingled with the strong characters with whom he served and battled in earnest debate. His friendships knew no party lines. In the closing hours of this session it is fit that unusual ceremonies be had in honor of this great and much-loved character before he is taken to his home and buried among his friends at Bowling Green, Mo.

The name of CHAMP CLARK will rank high with the best and strongest of our great men and live as long as history lives. His familiar face will not be seen again in this Hall. His best life work was here. He declined the urgent request of his party associates to run for governor of his State and for Senator of the United States. He was tendered the appointment for Senator by Gov. Gardner of Missouri to succeed his much-loved friend, Senator William J. Stone. He declined, preferring his work here

among his friends, whom he loved and who had honored him by repeated evidences of their confidence and affection. He died in official harness as the Representative of a great Missouri district and as a Member of the greatest deliberative body on earth.

He has gone to his reward. His place in the hereafter is assured. He acted well his part in life. His established character and great record of deeds well done entitle him not only to live in the fond and endearing memory of all men but to a home of happiness in the great eternity beyond.

Address of Mr. Gillett, of Massachusetts

Mr. Speaker: I think those of you who have known Mr. Clark only of late years must have formed a very erroneous estimate of his characteristics and ability. It seems to me that I have seen coming over him for years the shadow of that doom which descended upon him yesterday. He had lost vigor and energy; had become languid and inert. Slow disease was obviously sapping his vitality. But 20 years ago I remember him as an intellectual gladiator in this House, of splendid physique, fine presence, strong voice, handsome and impressive head, good elocution, and back of that was an intellect, keen and vigorous, stored with the very kind of knowledge most useful in this House, because his favorite study was the political history of our country, and he was full of facts and reminiscences with which he could illustrate and illuminate his arguments. I remember him, therefore, as a splendid, impressive, and forceful figure in this House.

I may be mistaken in my recollection, because I find as we grow older that we see the past through a mist which seems to magnify, which makes the past look larger than it probably was, but it seems to me the conflicts and debates in this House at that time were marked by a higher vigor and ability, certainly a greater rancor and partisanship than we have witnessed of late. In those debates Mr. Clark always distinguished himself. He was ready, powerful, acute, full of energy, with a sort of sledge-hammer style that beat down resistance. He was always an enemy to be dreaded and an ally to be welcomed. By that vigor and ability he literally fought his way into leadership, and for several years was leader of the minority. Then

he became Speaker. He there developed qualities that we hardly would have anticipated from his previous career, because as Speaker I think he was mainly distinguished for the splendid impartiality and judicial quality which characterized his service.

I have served here under five Speakers—Crisp, Reed, Henderson, Cannon, CLARK—all men of great ability, men of striking qualities, for all of whom I have great admiration and regard. Yet above them all, it seems to me, in an impartial construction of the rules, in the power of setting aside partisanship and standing forth as the judge, Mr. CLARK was preeminent. He won the admiration, affection, and confidence of both sides of the House. Then again for two years he became minority leader and in that capacity it was within his power to cause me, as Speaker, great embarrassment and annoyance.

But, on the contrary, his considerateness, kindness, and courtesy made a position which he well might have made uncomfortable pleasant and easy and left in me the warmest feeling of regard for his generous forbearance. I shall always recall him with respect and admiration, and I feel toward him a warm and cordial friendship which will be one of the precious treasures of my memory.

Address of Mr. Cannon, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: I remember Champ Clark's first appearance in the House, in August, 1893, the extra session of the Fifty-third Congress. He was in the prime of life and as fine a specimen of physical manhood as I ever saw—a handsome man and a man of fine mental preparation for the work of a legislator.

He had the one quality which has developed leadership in all times—confidence in his cause and confidence in himself. The man who does not believe in himself as well as in what he advocates is rarely successful.

Mr. Clark had this confidence in his cause, and opposed the President of his own party affiliation in the very beginning of his service. He was severely criticized, but he had the courage of his convictions, and began his service by opposing the recommendations of President Cleveland for the repeal of the Sherman silver purchase law. As I learned to know Mr. Clark, his first action here in the House was typical of his whole service. He cooperated but did not blindly follow.

I was an old Member then, though I had been out one term, and I exercised the privilege of catechizing the new Member from Missouri in that Congress. I thought I did it very thoroughly; but while I may have had the advantage and made him appear to disadvantage, I also developed the mettle of the man, and 18 years later he succeeded me in the Speaker's chair and held the confidence of his own party and the respect of the House, whether he led the majority or the minority.

The succession of events tells the story. Speaker Clark was not an accident. He developed along the lines of American ideals and American opportunities met with responsibility—a splendid type of American statesmanship.

Mr. CLARK and I had the same kind of preparation for service here, only his was better. We both grew up on the farm; both studied law with few law books and a diversified, though modest, practice; both became State's attorneys; both were defeated in our first efforts to come to the House, but were not discouraged by failure. Our experiences were those of the average American citizen. We were both defeated after service here, but we came back, as I believe he would have again come back to the House had he lived.

In these experiences Mr. CLARK developed the confidence with which he was naturally endowed. Experience and courage completed the leadership he won and long held in the House. He asked no quarter and gave none, but fought in the open and according to the approved rules of debate. In those older days we had great contests here, and we engaged in fierce conflicts which left only honorable scars and no personal resentments, for we did not strike below the belt.

Mr. CLARK showed the same quality of leadership in contests for the highest leadership, and after holding the majority vote through eight ballots in the great national convention of his party and then defeated he took his place in the ranks to fight as though he had never aspired to the Presidency. No man ever showed better courage and better American spirit than CHAMP CLARK in 1912 and from that time to his death.

Mr. CLARK and I engaged in many conflicts, and we continued warm personal friends from the beginning of our acquaintance to his death, and none of you here from the personal standpoint mourn the loss of the leader of that side of the House more keenly than I do.

I say loss of a leader, from a personal standpoint, because he and I differed about the proper policies without the loss of confidence in the patriotism of either by the other.

Address of Mr. Johnson, of Kentucky

Mr. Speaker: A pall of grief hangs over this Chamber. The best-loved man who ever had a seat here has been called away by Him whose commission he ever sought most faithfully to execute. There are at least three earthly things that never will go out of fashion—music, oratory, and courage. These three our friend possessed in an extreme degree. I have seen his great soul moved to its very depths by the strains of patriotic music when the fortunes of the world seemed to hang in the balance.

Not that sort of eloquence that he, in his homely, Lincoln-like way would have called "highfalutin' stuff"; not that sort that undertakes to inflame a rabble; not that sort that endeavors to lull into dangerous inactivity did he ever employ; but, instead, he used that sort of speech that Heaven approves and to which men respond. By that unpretentious but effective way which was his alone I have witnessed big men, entertaining opposite views, yield to the power of his mind and his unique expression of thought.

For centuries Julius Cæsar has been held by the world to be the greatest exemplar of courage. I have read with bated breath of his daring deeds, of his unflinching and never-quailing spirit, which men throughout all time will never cease to admire, even though they should not always approve.

His was only a physical courage. The courage of him of whom I speak on this occasion was of that same supreme kind, but coupled with a moral courage of no less proportions.

He whom we mourn was born and spent his early life within a very few miles of the place of my own nativity.

As a child I learned of many incidents in his life in each of which he was the chivalrous hero. The old men on Hardins Creek in Kentucky still tell their children and their children's children of the prowess of Champ Clark: They tell of the punishment he could take in unyielding silence. They tell how his magnanimity toward a beaten antagonist was ever present; they tell that when he thought it possible for him to have been too hasty or in the wrong in the least degree, how, out of a great moral courage, he could make abject apology.

Added to the qualities of which I have just spoken there was ambition—not that ambition of the selfish man seeking power—but, rather, that to serve the ends of justice; to protect the weak from the strong; to promote right; to prevent wrong.

One afternoon as he and I together were returning from the Capitol to our respective homes he said to me, "Let's go by the Union Station. There is something there I like to read and reread." When we had reached the station he pointed up and read aloud, "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's."

His great brain was housed behind features which correctly portrayed the character of this strong and good man.

Clothed in an exterior, sometimes thought to be brusque by those who knew him not intimately, there beat the biggest, the warmest, the best heart ever placed in the breast of mortal man.

Because he was but human he must have had faults; but he had a thousand redeeming traits of character for every fault he may have had.

He never saw an object of pity that his heart did not go out in the fullness of sympathy. He never came across one needing help that his hand did not go to his pocket.

If yonder, in the great beyond, aught has been held against him, I believe—I know—that that charity, that mercy which ever abided in him has been met by that same charity, that same mercy in Him who is all charity, all mercy.

To us CHAMP CLARK is dead; but whatever it is that a Supreme Being holds for the good, he is now enjoying; wherever the place may be, his noble spirit is there.

Address of Mr. Mann, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: I hold in my hand a gavel made from second-growth hickory grown in Worth County, Ga., in the district represented by Hon. Frank Park, furnished by the Georgia delegation in this Congress for presentation by the Members of the House of Representatives to Hon. Champ Clark.

The gavel bears the following inscription:

This gavel is presented by a unanimous vote of the House of Representatives to the great ex-Speaker, Champ Clark, on the day of his retirement from Congress, after 26 years of continuous, faithful, and most useful service, this March 4, 1921. He was chosen by a majority vote nine times successively at the Baltimore convention in 1912 as the nominee of his party for President of the United States; a typical American in stature, feature, mind, and feeling. Great in victory and greater in defeat.

Inter pares facile princeps.

When the Georgia delegation informed our departed friend of their desire to have this gavel presented to him, and the presentation speech made by a Republican Member of the House, and asked him to name one, he did a great honor to me in his loving kindness to suggest that I should present the gavel to him on behalf of the House. It is not possible for me to do that. It will be presented to his family. I loved the man. We were on opposite sides of the House. We never had extra close personal relations, but in all the touch and contests of bitter fights we learned not merely to respect each other but to love as two brothers might. This House saw him in the days of great parliamentary contests, and no one ever appeared on this floor in a parliamentary fight who was his superior, and some of us doubted when he was elected Speaker

if it were possible for a man with the parliamentary fighting propensities such as he had to preside without partisanship. He left the Speaker's chair with the respect, with the admiration, with the affectionate regard of every Member of the House, regardless of party. He has gone to his heavenly reward, but his memory will linger long in the Halls of this House, influencing those who are here and those who come afterwards to remember that contests over principles do not need to degenerate into personal animosities. He was the exemplification of the American spirit to contest for principles and to abide peacefully by the results.

Address of Mr. Mondell, of Wyoming

Mr. Speaker: Champ Clark was an ideal example of American citizenship, of American statesmanship. He exemplified to the fullest in his life and character the personal and civic virtues which we are pleased to believe reach their most perfect development under the conditions of American life. He not only measured up to the highest and best standards of American ideals, but his virtues were peculiarly American in their manifestation and expression. His very faults, if he may be said to have had any, were American in their form and flavor. He was a son of the soil, an ideal product of a peculiarly sound and sane environment, a fine example of all that is best and most praiseworthy in American life and character.

Few men in our time have appealed so strongly to the popular imagination; have had so many devoted friends or faithful followers as Champ Clark. He appealed to the popular imagination because, while sane and sound, he was picturesque in a pleasing and attractive way. His friends embraced men of every shade and variety of opinion, for to know him well was to be his friend. However much one might differ with him, his splendid human qualities compelled admiration and attracted men to him. His followers were legion, and their allegiance, based and grounded on their confidence in his ability and judgment, was strengthened and cemented by their admiration of his kindly, considerate, and consistent character.

Our friend ran the gamut of human experience. Providence gave him the full measure of happiness in his family and social relations. His ear was familiar with the

plaudits of admiring constituencies, audiences, and conventions, but with these joys and triumphs came the trying experiences of personal bereavement and of keen political disappointment. Providence was very good and kind to him in many ways, but the fates held for him from time to time the agony of temporary defeat. As we think of our friend we are glad to remember that his joys and his triumphs so far outnumbered and outweighed the occasional unkindly flings of fate.

It has been my good fortune during my political life to know many men for whom I have conceived a high regard; to become acquainted with many men whom I have been glad to claim as friends, but I have known no man whom I have held in higher regard, none for whom I have had a greater affection, than our friend to whose memory we offer tribute to-night. His was a rare spirit, kindly and courageous, confident and considerate. If all the world were cast in his mold what a wonderful place it would be to live in. He has finished his work; he has gone to his reward, but we are happier because we knew him, and the world is better for his example. We mourn that he is gone, but we know full well that no harm shall come to his pure, kindly, and courageous spirit.

Address of Mr. Rainey, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: We have assembled to-night to do honor to the memory of a great man amid the scenes of his labors, his successes, and his triumphs. With a heavy heart, I pay this tribute of respect and love to the memory of my friend. As I stand here there comes thronging upon me tender memories extending back over a quarter of a century of time.

He was my nearest congressional neighbor. For over a hundred miles our districts join—his in Missouri, mine in Illinois—separated only by the Mississippi River. I knew him when he was a practicing lawyer, a handsome, manly man, in full possession of all the strength and vigor of young manhood. With admiration I followed his career in the National Congress for nearly a decade before I came here, and I have served here with him during the long period of 18 years. It is peculiarly appropriate that we conduct these ceremonies here in the Hall which has so often rung to the stately grandeur of his eloquence, but which will know him no more forever.

The life and achievements of Champ Clark will remain always an inspiration for the young. A farm hand; a college graduate; a president of a college; a clerk in a country store; the editor of a country newspaper; a country lawyer; a prosecuting attorney; a presidential elector; a member of the legislature of his State; the author of the Missouri antitrust laws and the Missouri Australian ballot law; chairman of a great national convention; for 26 years a Member of Congress; a candidate for the Presidency, receiving in the national convention of his party a clear majority on many ballots; for eight years Speaker of the National House of Representatives, the second highest

office in this Republic; this, in brief, is the career of the man we honor here to-night.

Full of years, his life work ended, he died in this beautiful city under the very shadow of the National Capitol. During all the years of his sojourn upon this earth he was prompted always by the tenderest of human sympathies. He has passed now beyond the mists which bound him here into a new and a larger life on an unseen shore. Through these Halls there has passed in the decades of our national life a stately procession of great men, moving through the very center of American life. With many of them he came in contact here in this Hall. CHAMP CLARK will rank in history among the greatest of all of these. His colleagues in this House were always his friends, whether they sat on this side of the Chamber or on that side. He has gone to greet the friends who have sailed before over an unknown sea to an unseen shore. A few hours from now a train moving across meridians of longitude will convey his earthly remains to the neighbors and friends who knew him and loved him during the years of his sojourn upon this earth. His achievements are now a part of the history of his country. His great soul has passed beyond the grave to participate in a larger existence in an unknown land.

Address of Mr. Dyer, of Missouri

Mr. Speaker: Missouri, one of the splendid States of this great Union, universally and generally bows in mourning with you at the loss of our great and good friend. The name of Missouri has been made great by the public service of Champ Clark. He brought to that State great renown. He was one of our greatest citizens. For the last half century no Missourian has measured up to him. He ranked with men like Benton and Blair. I knew Mr. Clark as a boy. I knew him when he first was entering politics. I knew him when he was first nominated for Congress. With my father I went from the farm to hear him speak at the county seat. I was born and reared in the district that he so well represented here. He was to me an ideal, he was to me a man to look up to and watch and be benefited by his high sense of honor and statesmanship.

He was beloved by the people that knew him and he was respected and honored by all the people. When I first came here in the Sixty-second Congress, when the roll was being called for the election of Speaker, I felt almost, when the name of Champ Clark was called, that I, though a Republican, should cast my vote for him for Speaker, because I had known him so well as a boy and because I had always admired him so greatly. I would go to him for advice; I would go to him for counsel.

He was beloved by my relatives and family. He was one of our dearest friends. And I tell you, my colleagues, that not only our splendid State of Missouri suffered an irreparable loss, but likewise has the Nation, because Champ Clark was not only a great Missourian, he was one of the greatest Americans that has lived for many a

day. And we shall be the poorer here in this great legislative body for years to come because he has gone from us. It will be a long time before we will find a man to take his place as an upright, splendid, broad-minded statesman.

He was not one who would stoop to any small things to gain an advantage in legislation or in politics. He was a man, as has been stated by those who have served with him here longer than I, who would fight for that which he believed to be right, but he always fought with the greatest honor and with clean hands. And of that kind, my colleagues, have been the men who have made America what it is. It is men of that kind who write into law the things that have made our country great. And to-night, I say again, every Missourian, yea, every American, must be bowed with sorrow at the passing of CHAMP CLARK, the former Speaker and the splendid and great American.

Address of Mr. Garrett, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: I accept the opportunity to participate in these ceremonies with infinite pride and unutterable sadness—pride because for 16 years I enjoyed the assurances of the confidence and esteem of the great dead man who stood a peer among the most illustrious characters of his generation; sadness because I have looked for the last time into his handsome, classic face and felt for the last time the warm outflow of his great and splendid and generous soul.

The intimate facts of his life and career are so fully known to contemporary peoples, and particularly here, as to render any attempted recital of them quite unnecessary. His birth, his early struggles, his education, his success at the law, his political career, with its triumphs and its disappointments, all are familiar to reading people in every hamlet of the Republic.

The uniqueness of his characteristics is familiar to unnumbered thousands who have heard him upon platform and stump; and everywhere that his name is known there is associated with it in the public thought the fine idea of inherent instinctive honesty, moral and intellectual. He was candid to the point of bluntness. He was intellectually and spiritually and physically rugged; a fighter all his life.

When I say he was physically rugged I do not mean in features. His face was one of the handsomest and most striking possessed by any public man in history. He was distinctly individualistic and of original temperament. His physical movements, his mental processes, his modes of expression were peculiar to himself.

His life was linked in some form to all the activities of the Congress of the United States for a quarter of a century; he became conspicuous in the early days of his service and grew to the highest honors which the House of Representatives could bestow. All that we had here we gave him, and wished it could be more—the best of committee assignments, the floor leadership of his party, the Speakership.

In return he gave to us and to his country a loyal and illustrious service which has added to its greatness and its glory.

My poor story must be imperfect and incomplete at best, but it would be inexcusably so did I fail to stress the fact that he was not only an eminent student, not only an author of distinction, not only a statesman of world fame, but a lover. All the tenderness of affection which his great heart could pour out was lavished upon the happy family of which he was the beloved head.

He was of two States, Kentucky and Missouri, and was worthy of them. He kept their faith, even their great faith, the faith of their finest, sweetest traditions, the faith of their past great glories and their past loves and their public virtues; and I have no doubt these Commonwealths in especial degree will, with all others, cherish his memory because he maintained unbroken every thread in the line of public honor and measured up to the full requirements of their bravest and their best.

I shall not speak of his death in any language of my own. Some day, perhaps, we shall know what it means; we do not know now. The poet may know; the poet does know most of the deep things of earth, and perhaps his vision mounts to the things beyond the earth. A great poet has written a great poem about death, some stanzas of which I think may, with entire appropriateness, be quoted here:

Sad mortal! Couldst thou but know
  What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow
  And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist schools,
  And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
  Ere the morning of truth be born;
But I, earth's madness above,
  In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
  In the unveiled face of death.

I tell thee his face is fair
  As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
  Like the flush of a thousand springs;
His smile is the fathomless beam
  Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the summers of Southland dream
  In the lap of the holy night;
For I, earth's blindness above,
  In a kingdom of halcyon breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
  In the unveiled face of death.

Through the splendor of stars impearled
  In the glow of the far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world
  With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
  At the passage of death grow sweet
With the fragrancy that floats behind
  The flash of his winged retreat;
And I, earth's madness above,
  'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the luster of love
  In the unveiled face of death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
  I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
  In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of fond acclaim
  Thrill down from the place of souls,
As death, with a touch like flame,
  Uncloses the goal of goals;
And from heaven of heaven's above
  God speaketh with bateless breath—
My angel of perfect love
  Is the angel men call death!

Address of Mr. Tillman, of Arkansas

Mr. Speaker: Champ Clark was a man's man. He never daily begged the world's pardon because he had a few masculine vices. He was possessed of his share of human weaknesses, and, while not puffed up about it, he was not constantly apologizing to mankind because he had feet of clay, as most men have. For this reason we loved him.

He was no carpet knight. He fought with men. The powder smoke of battle appealed to him and the sensual musk of the drawing-room did not.

The House was his forum; the Speaker's chair his throne. He declined an appointment to the Senate, as his friends expected he would, when it was tendered. For 26 busy years he was a Member of the House Sanhedrin, and for 8 years he wielded the gavel fairly, justly, with patience and strength.

Speaker Clark was especially courteous and helpful to the new Member, and a freshman never forgets the helpful tolerance of the senior. Personally, I shall never forget the kindly touch of his vanished hand nor the sound of his hopeful, helpful voice, now stilled forever.

The lion-faced Speaker had deep religious convictions, but he had scant patience with cant and hypocrisy. He had a contempt for any plea that was tainted or corrupt, the more so if the pleader sought to obscure the show of evil with a whining and gracious voice; likewise, he spurned with his foot sugar-coated error, although blessed and approved by a sober brow.

As a debater on the floor he could give and take blows, and his blade was as keen as the best. He found time to lecture in every part of the Nation, and his lectures were

pleasing and profound. He wrote much that will endure as valuable contributions to current literature.

And he loved his family. That is the true pathos and sublime of human life. His loyalty to his wife and children constitutes one of the pillars upon which his popularity will rest.

Again I say he was a man's man.

> The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
> The smack and tang of elemental things.
> The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
> The good will of the rain that loves all leaves;
> The friendly welcome of the wayside well.
> He held his place—
> Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
> Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
> And when he fell in the whirlwind, he went down
> As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
> Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
> And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Address of Mr. Flood, of Virginia

Mr. Speaker: I shall not undertake to recite the history of the life and fortunes of Champ Clark. This has been graphically done by his colleagues and those who have preceded me.

But, Mr. Speaker, I held his character and his great services to mankind and his country in the very highest esteem; I admired his splendid talents, his magnificent loyalty to principles and to friends, his courage, his lovable traits of character; and I was bound to him by ties of friendship which continually grew stronger. Such tribute as I can pay him in the limited time that I can occupy the floor to-night flows from a heart that loved him, was in sympathy with his history, and felt a joyous pride in his mighty achievements.

Possessed of a strong and graceful figure, a splendid head and face, he was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. With an ardent, ambitious heart, a quick, strong, and penetrating intellect that quickly mastered the tasks it undertook, his course from plow to school, from school to college, from college to the presidency of a college, and from this to the study of his profession, was one of intellectual triumphs.

At the age of 25 we find him a poor and briefless barrister in an adopted State and amid new surroundings.

The situation would have daunted a less courageous spirit. All honor to the republican institutions of this country and to the deep-seated republican spirit of the people which enabled Champ Clark to so quickly sweep away the barriers to his professional and political triumphs. He was successful almost from the beginning.

He desired that his life should illustrate those principles. He was a born Democrat, in the most elevated sense of the word. He was a man of the people, sprung from them, uplifted by them, loving them, and beloved by them. The truth of this latter statement is amply testified to in the way he carried State after State which held primaries for the expression of the choice for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1912.

He possessed a genius, fertile and diversified, which might have developed into many forms of distinction. He was a great lawyer. He had what lawyers call a legal mind; keenly analytic, closely logical, penetrating through rules to the reason of them. Whether in set speech or in running debate, his powers lifted him to the height of all occasions.

But, above all, he was a man of a great, loyal, loving heart, and it was through this fact, as well as by dint of his decisive character and intellectual force, that he became the great and beloved leader of his party in the country.

His home was his shrine. It was there that his gentle nature found and shed earth's richest joys amongst wife, children, and friends. To them his death is a calamity unspeakable, but in his good name and in his great and spotless reputation they have all that death can leave to alleviate its pang.

No questionable act ever marked the fair pages of the private or public life of this man among men. He stood in the fierce light which beats against the throne, but no flaw was ever found in his armor through which the shafts of envy and slander could enter and wound his fame. He was gentle yet strong, courteous yet brave, ready to extend the soft hand of charity and grasp with comprehensive thought the great questions of government and of law.

Mr. Speaker, in his essay upon death Lord Bacon has pictured that of ex-Speaker CLARK:

He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who for the time scarce feels the hurt, and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth divert the troubles of death.

And so, Mr. Speaker, while our hearts are attuned to sorrow that a life fraught with so much good should be cast off from among us, our chastened reflection can discern echoes of counsel and encouragement from his life, which should animate us all to a renewed and higher consecration, to worthy and unselfish devotion to our country and our kind.

And whilst among the perplexities of this world we "can not always see the way" we can all become better and stronger for the example of such a life; and with pride and gratitude for such a career we can cry to our Father and his Father:

Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief,
And grant Thy servant such a life and death.

Address of Mr. Wood, of Indiana

Mr. Speaker: The gentleman who has just preceded me paid a beautiful tribute to Champ Clark, a citizen of Kentucky and Missouri. I wish to add a few words concerning him whose memory we so deeply revere as a national character.

"The sun has its place in glory; the moon has its place in glory; the stars have another place in glory, but the stars differ in glory." We all know through the unchangeable law of fixation the place and the course of the sun and the moon, but we are not so certain with reference to the course and the place of the stars. Men, like the myriad stars, have their place, some of them vastly more prominent and brilliant than others; all of them, however, serving their purpose in the Divine plan. Our departed friend has fixed for himself a place that will survive in the annals of our country not only through the present generation but through the centuries yet to be. Through word, deed, and example he has established a reputation worthy of the emulation of all mankind.

If I were called upon to write an epitaph to be inscribed upon the monument that will mark his last resting place, it would be this: "Here lies an honest man. He was honest to his God. He was honest to the world. He was honest to himself." A nobler or more truthful tribute can not be paid him. To his family and to all those who mourn his passing away there is this comforting consolation: Out of the darkness of night there comes the light of hope in the glory of the morning that gives the promise of a brighter day.

Address of Mr. Crisp, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: It was my rare good fortune to know intimately our beloved dead chieftain, and that association bound me to him "with hooks of steel." I had the honor of being his parliamentarian during his first term as Speaker. This House in all of its history has never had a fairer or more impartial or better-beloved Speaker than our dead friend.

I was with him all during the most eventful days of his life, during those days when he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and during all of that contest and during the Baltimore convention he never did or said one single thing that he ever had cause to regret, and it has furnished to me a marvel—that self-control, that courage, that forgiveness, that loving kindness that he exemplified since those days.

Mr. Speaker, my admiration and love for him are too great, my grief too poignant, for me to attempt to delineate those noble traits of character by which he rose to places of power and eminence and enshrined himself in the hearts of all of his countrymen. I never knew a sweeter, a kindlier, or a more lovable man than Champ Clark. In the language of the immortal poet, he was an honest man, the noblest work of God. He was a tender and affectionate husband, a proud and devoted father, and one of the truest and most loyal friends anyone ever had. Our country has lost in him one of its purest and ablest statesmen and I have lost a benefactor and a friend. I never hope to look upon his like again.

Mr. Speaker, availing myself of the privilege granted to the Members to extend their remarks in the Record, I shall incorporate as a part of my remarks a tribute written

concerning our beloved friend by Mr. Theodore Tiller, who for 10 years has been one of the Washington correspondents and intimate with Mr. CLARK. The article appeared this afternoon in the Washington Times and in the Atlanta Journal and a number of other newspapers that Mr. Tiller represents.

Following is the article referred to:

CHAMP CLARK PASSED INTO GREAT UNKNOWN UNIVERSALLY MOURNED

(By Theodore Tiller)

As the shadows of the evening of his long and eventful political life fell about him, CHAMP CLARK, for 26 years a Member of Congress from Missouri and 8 years the Speaker of the House of Representatives, crossed over the borderland into eternity.

It is "Uncle Joe" Cannon, long the associate and friend of CHAMP CLARK, who always speaks of "crossing over," instead of "dying." Perhaps the term fits better the passing of Mr. CLARK, one of the stalwart and picturesque figures in the politics and national life of America.

CHAMP CLARK'S term of office would have expired at noon March 4. So he "died in harness," as probably he preferred to go if the end was to come soon.

This is a story about Mr. CLARK, not merely his biography. The historians will write the latter, giving to him his great yet rather pathetic rôle, so far as his later days were concerned, in our history.

SETTING OF SORROW

A scene without precedent was given its setting of sorrow when his death was announced to the House of Representatives. Congressman Rucker, of Missouri, himself a veteran in service and confidant and friend of the departed minority leader and former Speaker, attempted to make the formal announcement. His feelings overcame him, his voice faltered, and then he cried.

On the Republican side Congressman James R. Mann, of Illinois, who had served a quarter of a century with Mr. CLARK, gave way to his emotions. Congressman Madden wept, and Charles R. Crisp, of Georgia, one time parliamentary clerk under Speaker CLARK and now Member of the House, made no effort to conceal his grief. Then all about the House floor men were seen

with handkerchiefs to their eyes. Some of them were youngsters in legislative service whom CHAMP CLARK had advised. Others were men who came to Congress with him and had labored through all the years in personal friendship regardless of the aisle that divides the parties. Flags on the Capitol Building, dropping to half-mast, told the story to the sight-seers and tourists outside.

Announcements of the death of a Member are always occasions of sadness in the House, but old-timers could not recall to-day when that body so openly and generally manifested its grief. In the bustle of the closing days of the session a 30-minute recess was taken in honor of the memory of Mr. CLARK. Adjournment was not ordered because among his dying requests was one that legislation be not halted to pay him tribute.

PATHOS IN PASSING

There is unusual pathos in the passing of CHAMP CLARK. For years he was a national figure. At the Baltimore convention in 1912 the presidential nomination was almost within his grasp for twenty-nine ballots. For eight ballots he had a clear majority in the convention, but the two-thirds rule and a coup of his adversaries took victory from him. Only once before, if memory is right, had the Democratic Party failed to nominate the man receiving a majority—and then a great domestic issue was at stake and the comparison is not entirely pertinent.

Nomination at that time was virtually equivalent to election because of the split in the opposition. Ollie James, chairman of the convention, who has preceded Mr. CLARK into the beyond, so told the convention, and his words were prophetic.

CHAMP CLARK never recovered fully from the shock of that defeat. For several years he showed the traces of supreme disappointment, not unmixed with a certain resentment toward the man he held primarily responsible. Time healed up but did not obliterate the scars of the wound received at Baltimore.

When his convention lines were faltering CHAMP CLARK came to Baltimore at night to make a dramatic appearance before the convention. His friends dissuaded him. Had he appeared, there might have been a different result, with another man now yielding the scepter of power to Warren G. Harding and with another man having shaped the stirring events of the Nation and the world during its recent years of travail.

SERVED WITH DISTINCTION

But that is "water over the wheel," as Mr. CLARK would sometimes say in talking of things that had gone by. CHAMP CLARK, chastened, disappointed, the victim of political circumstance, and with his day dreams failing to come true, went back into the relative ranks of the only party to which he had ever given allegiance, and there he served with all that was in him until his final roll was called.

Yet no one who knew him as the writer has known him can say that he spent his last days in contentment. He died more or less a broken-hearted man.

Last November Mr. CLARK went down in the Republican landslide, and his district voted to retire him after nearly 26 years of patriotic service. This hurt him, too. He showed it in his walk, in his mannerisms, and in converse with intimate friends. Philosopher that he was, appreciative of the vicissitudes of American politics—which he knew as a participant and historian—CHAMP CLARK weakened noticeably after that defeat. Only once in his long service had he been defeated for reelection, but that was a score of years ago. CLARK was younger then and possessed greater powers of political recuperation and was more adaptable to a sense of resignation.

Age was upon him in this last defeat—age and the memories of Baltimore and a life's ambition gone, with perhaps a feeling that, after all, republics and constituencies are ungrateful.

Anyway, the tragedy of the later years began to tell upon him recently. Just a day or so before his death a friend summed it all when he said:

RESERVE POWER GONE

"I am afraid he will not get well. His power of resistance seems to have gone. He doesn't seem to care any more."

Such realization as this doubtless brought the moisture to the eyes of many of his colleagues when it was announced that CHAMP CLARK had died as the end of his public service drew near. He was leaving life and leaving that service at the same time.

Necessarily the death of such a man has put a saddening imprint upon the Harding inaugural ceremonies. He was known to the President elect and to every man in Congress. All of them respected and admired him; most of them loved him.

Though sometimes a man of moods, CHAMP CLARK had a way about him that brought into relief his nobler traits, his wholesomeness, his rugged sincerity, his good heart, and that drew to the shadows of the background all human frailties and whatever inconsistencies he had.

When in reminiscent mood Mr. CLARK was a delightful storyteller. His knowledge of history and contemporaneous affairs was comprehensive. The younger generation loses much because he postponed too long the publication of a book of memoirs. Whether on the floor of Congress or the lecture platform, he drew from this fund of knowledge and always had an attentive audience.

In debate Mr. CLARK did not attempt oratorical flights nor studied phrase making and rounded periods. Rather was his delivery forceful, direct, straightforward, with epigrams and homely philosophy that made a political enemy wince and an audience laugh at his flashes of wit and satire. Commanding in physique, handsome in face and figure, resourceful while in the heat of verbal battle, he was an effective orator and a debater worthy of any adversary. He struck above the belt, always holding the respect of his auditors, regardless of their political creeds.

AIDED YOUNG MEMBERS

His aphorisms would make a volume. The common-sense advice he has given throughout his long career would fill a library. The aid he has given the young and "cub" legislator has been invaluable. His fairness as a presiding officer is one of the heritages of the House. The friendships he has made and held are monuments to his personality, his bigness, and his personification of man's humanity to man.

Whatever may have been his trials toward the end, his life throughout was eventful. That he did not reach the Presidency was simply one of the tragedies of politics and fateful unrealization of personal ambitions. He began as a farm hand. Later he was the youngest college president in America. Once he edited a country newspaper, and then worked in a country store. He studied law and eventually moved from Kentucky, where he was born, to Missouri, where he was signally honored first as a prosecuting attorney and then as a Representative in Congress.

COMMANDED HOUSE

With the exception of one term, following a defeat, he was a strong figure in the House since the Fifty-third Congress. World-stirring events made their permanent impressions during his years at Washington. He was here when war was declared against Spain. As Speaker of the House he signed the resolution declaring a state of war against Germany. One of the notable speeches in years—a speech in which he rose to real eloquence in a body surcharged with tension and packed on floor and in galleries—was the speech of CHAMP CLARK on the Panama Canal tolls issue that shook the country in the early days of the Wilson administration.

As Speaker or party leader he participated in historic tariff debates with men whose names are linked inseparably to the statute books of the country. He was early a convert to woman suffrage, and while he served he saw woman suffrage, the direct election of Senators, and national prohibition written into the law of the land.

CAREER WORTH WHILE

Truly a career worth while was his—and yet as he came to the twilight of his day his heart was heavy and, little doubt, the spirit was broken. None but his intimates knew with what sorrow he approached the breaking up of his associations here, nor how bitter was the cup whose dregs he drained in Baltimore eight years ago. None better than his intimates knew with what fortitude eventually he accepted his lot and turned to such tasks for party and for country as were left to him to do.

He died within two days of the end of his term. He was still a Congressman of the State he loved and still the floor leader of the party that had honored him—and yet withheld its highest honor, but to which, to the end, he gave "the last full measure of devotion," while serving meanwhile his country.

Address of Mr. Rodenberg, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: There are chords reaching from millions of hearts to this Capitol to-day upon which, if the winds could play, they would "sing a song sad enough to make the angels weep."

A great man has passed away and the Nation mourns his passing. Champ Clark is no more. He sleeps the sleep of eternity. Hushed forever is that patriotic voice and pulseless now that lion heart. The great soul that once inhabited the tenement of clay has taken its flight and is now glorified in the light of the eternal morn.

Champ Clark was great in the best and truest meaning of the word—great in character, great in ability, great in his conception of public duty, great in his devotion to the public service, and great in his abiding love for humanity.

Intellectually honest, always candid, sincere, and straightforward, he abhorred hypocrisy in all its forms. The mask of an actor never fitted our departed friend. He knew naught of expediency, and he did not care to know. Throughout his long, eventful, and distinguished public career he followed the path of duty outlined clearly and unmistakably by a conscience that was responsive always to the noblest impulses of true manhood. That was his crowning characteristic.

We who knew him recognized his many robust virtues and admired them, and whatever faults he had we merged them into his manly qualities, because he wore them all on his knightly breast.

My friends, soon we will consign his mortal remains to the cheerless grave, and as the sods, moistened by our tears, close in above them we call and listen. From the silent tomb there comes no answer. Only an echo, which

mocks our sorrow, is wafted back. The somber shadows thicken. All is dark. We are overwhelmed in doubt, but suddenly the mystic veil that separates the present from the hereafter is swept aside. A light breaks forth! It is the light of the spirit of immortality, triumphant still, shedding joy and peace and hope eternal. There in yon windowed palace of heaven we see our friend and colleague crowned with the wreath of immortal glory that awaits him of whom it can be honestly said that in all the vicissitudes of life he was true to his God, true to his country, true to family and friends, and true to himself.

Address of Mr. Gard, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker:

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?

* * * *

Who, if he rise to station to command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;

* * * *

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace.

* * * *

He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes.

* * * *

'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,

* * * *

Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won.

* * * *

And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of heaven's applause:

* * * *

This is the happy warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.

—*Wordsworth.*

Address of Mr. Sherwood, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker: We shall all miss Champ Clark, not only now but in the future. He was a man we all loved, because he had the qualities of mind and heart which endeared him to his colleagues. He was one of us only a few days ago, as a guide, as an example. All in all, the country has produced but few statesmen who have been so universally respected and loved as Champ Clark. Few will be longer remembered in affection and reverence. I can not find words to-day to fittingly express my love for him, which grew stronger as I knew him better.

It is better than any eloquently worded eulogy to say that he served 26 years in Congress and never betrayed a friend or a cause, and died poor. Born in a log cabin, like Lincoln, he was, from the first to the end of his career, a self-made, self-educated, manly man. It can be said of him by those who knew him best that he never wronged a man or a woman during his entire career.

No man, however high his official perch, can be truly great in a Republic like ours who lacks the vital element of human sympathy for his fellows. No public man will be long or gratefully remembered, however gifted intellectually, who lacks moral ideals.

We should learn a valuable lesson from the life and career of Champ Clark. Every poor young man, yearning for an honorable career, can see the brightest gleam of hope in the career of Champ Clark. Over and above all his sterling qualities as a statesman he was enthusiastically patriotic.

Let us consecrate ourselves to that fervent patriotism, that high purpose to serve the people we are here to represent, with the fidelity and courage which always characterized our departed friend—a colleague whose friendship added to our joys of living and whose example and character give us hope for the best ideals of popular government.

Address of Mr. Hays, of Missouri

Mr. Speaker: The great Missouri Commoner has gone to his reward. Champ Clark is dead.

Back in Missouri, where partisan political strife at times becomes the moving spirit among our people, it is but natural that some strong characters should stand out almost as supermen among their fellows. Champ Clark was one of these. Always a Democrat, always a partisan, always brave and wise, always a leader whose voice was supreme in counsel, there was never a day in all his long life when his conduct was unmanly or when his methods were unfair. Gifted by nature with a magnetic personality, a rugged physique, a face of inspiring dignity, a powerful intellect, a rare judgment of men, a clean conscience, and a heart responsive to the finer impulses of humanity, he soon became a comprehensive student of the great problems of public welfare. Small wonder is it that politics became the absorbing passion of his life. Champ Clark was always a politician, but he had nothing in common with the cheap demagogue or the charlatan trickster. He was a politician whose every thought and act were measured in terms of statesmanship. He was a strong party man, because under the American method of handling great welfare problems it is through the agency of party organization that the Government can function to best advantage.

Just a hundred years ago Thomas H. Benton came to the United States Senate from Missouri. Few men of this generation can define the party faith of that great man, but every Missourian knows that Benton was a statesman of the type whose memory endures long after the world has forgotten the battles of political warfare in which they were engaged.

When the future historian of our great Commonwealth calls in reverend memory the roll of Missouri's illustrious dead, along with the names of Benton and Blair and a few others of equal distinction will sound the name of CHAMP CLARK.

Born in Kentucky in 1850 and educated to the profession of law, he became at 22, as the head of Marshall College in West Virginia, the youngest college president in America. A little later he located in Missouri and began the practice of his profession, taking from the first an active part in the political affairs of his chosen State. His legislative experience began in the Missouri Legislature a third of a century ago. For 26 years he has been a commanding figure in the American Congress and one of the molders of American political thought. Four times he was accorded the distinguished honor of the Speakership of the House of Representatives.

CHAMP CLARK was a hard fighter, but he always fought fair; he knew both victory and defeat. But in the adversity of political misfortune, as well as in the hour of gratifying triumph, he was ever a calm, serene, and placid philosopher. Unmoved and unshaken either by the despair of defeat or the ecstasy of victory, he was at all times loyal and affable and appreciative of the slightest courtesy. On the floor of the House, where his principal contests were waged and where the followers of his leadership met his adversaries in almost daily conflict, he held the admiration and respect of every man in the Chamber on either side of the party line.

It had been my privilege to know CHAMP CLARK in a casual way for many years. When I came to Congress, unacquainted with legislative procedure, I found in him an adviser and a counselor, always kind and considerate and anxious to be of service. With all the burdens of

his arduous labor, he was never too busy to extend his kindly aid.

I am told that in his last conscious hour, as he realized that the end was near, he requested that his death should not be permitted to halt the work of Congress. Knowing the customary procedure in paying respect to the memory of a departed Member, and realizing the emergencies of the closing days of a session, the same spirit of self-effacement that had always marked his career prompted him to think of his country even when he knew that his soul was ready to take its flight.

To his friends, and their circle is as broad as the Nation, it will always be a sweet and solemn pleasure to know that he died as he lived, with the Nation's welfare his one supreme concern, his self-denying statesmanship the ruling passion strong in death.

Address of Mr. Romjue, of Missouri

Mr. Speaker: When the last breath of life passed from the breast of Champ Clark this Nation witnessed the passing of one of its most distinguished citizens, one of its most honored statesmen, and one of its most able legislators. And with that passing the great Commonwealth of Missouri lost its most beloved citizen and son.

As we are conducting these memorial exercises to-night Missourians everywhere grieve over the death of Champ Clark. The Nation mourns that veteran gladiator of many political arenas and of long public service who has been removed from the activities of this life. He has gone, but the affection, the esteem, and the respect in which we Members of this House hold Champ Clark will live on and on as long as there is one of us remaining.

I have listened with deep interest to the eulogies pronounced here to-night by men who have had long service in this House with Champ Clark. When Mr. Mann made the remark, "I loved him," it called to my mind a speech that I heard Champ Clark make in Missouri. On the platform one night, when he was much more in his prime than we have seen him in the last two or three years, when he was driving away, enunciating Democratic policies and principles in which he so thoroughly believed, and as he was punching and jabbing at the doctrines taught by the Republican Party, he referred to the gentleman from Illinois, and when he did refer to him he said, "I love Jim Mann; I respect him; he is honest and conscientious"; and then he proceeded in his way to pound out as best he could the ideas for which he stood and to differentiate them from Republican policies. I know what we will witness at the funeral ceremony in Missouri next

Monday. More tears have been shed, more tears will be shed, over the passing of CHAMP CLARK than have ever been shed over any half dozen men that ever lived in the State of Missouri. His life and his character have been a beacon to ambitious young men in Missouri; pointing the way along the right path, he has been followed and admired. The most remarkable thing, perhaps, about CHAMP CLARK's character was his sturdy honesty. I knew of a thing CHAMP CLARK did once that very few men would do. In his early political career, either when he was making his first or second race for membership in this body—and those were the days when we did not have the primaries, but the nominations were settled by convention—it was a bitter fight and contest. It grew so warm and so much interest was manifested in it that two neighbors riding along the highway one day engaged in a controversy, one being for CLARK and one for his opponent, and after a while they dismounted from their horses and fought it out.

When the convention came on CHAMP CLARK was nominated, getting the nomination by, I believe, only a few votes. After the convention had adjourned the defeated opponent went away much dissatisfied, and said that he should have been nominated, and that he had been deprived of the nomination; that if the matter had been left to popular vote of the people in the district he claimed that he would have been nominated.

As soon as CHAMP CLARK heard of this he sent word to his opponent, saying, "I feel that you have no reason to complain that we have submitted our cases to the decision of the convention, but if you feel aggrieved I am quite willing to submit it to a popular vote of the district"; and it was submitted to a popular vote of the district and CHAMP CLARK was renominated.

My friends, anyone who knows the life of CHAMP CLARK, as many of you know it who have served long with him, know that not only the State of Missouri has lost, not only has our Nation lost, from the standpoint of a great political career, but there are no greater losers in all this Nation than the young men of my State, who have learned to know and to love CHAMP CLARK. He began his public career without financial backing. He was industrious, ambitious, thoroughly honest, and by sheer force of character, ability, energy, and honesty he made his way up in the political world. He rose gradually and steadily until he was within a hair's breadth of the Presidency of the United States, a position to which he was entitled, having received a clear majority of votes in the nominating convention on nine separate ballots; and had the Democratic convention operated like the Republican convention, under the majority instead of the two-thirds rule, CHAMP CLARK would have been nominated and elected. He became Speaker of the House of Representatives, in which position he served with distinction. In this position he impressed upon the minds of the membership of the House, by his demeanor and impartial rulings, his splendid ability and fitness for this high honor.

CHAMP CLARK was not a politician in the common acceptation of the term, but he was a statesman of the highest order, a scholar of impressive standing, a historian of great depth, and truly an American of the foremost rank.

He was the best and most completely informed man in the United States concerning the lives, character, and achievements of the world's public men; in this he was marvelously well informed.

Side by side in the silent hall of death our beloved CHAMP CLARK, our colleague and comrade, takes his place among our Nation's noblest children who have crossed the great divide, and in that group are many brilliant

statesmen, warriors, pioneers, and benefactors—heroes all, God bless them, every one.

Next Monday, March 7, he will be laid to rest among his legion of friends in Missouri. This date is the seventy-first anniversary of his birth; and in the beautiful cemetery at Bowling Green, Mo., he shall be laid in honor, and the tear-dimmed eyes of sorrowing friends by the thousands who knew him best will attest the highest love and affection of which the human heart is capable.

Like Napoleon with his eagles, so CHAMP CLARK surrounded himself with the scenes of this Chamber in the House of Representatives in his last hours and put the question, "The question is on the conference report." We shall miss him; we shall miss his kindly counsel and advice, and those who have served with him in Congress will, as the years go by, hear in that not-forgotten voice, "Evidently a sufficient number," but with all, and above all, will live on and on that splendid character and rugged honesty with which he has impressed his countrymen.

In his last conscious moments he, noble statesman and citizen that he was, asked that public business in Congress be not suspended on account of his passing away, stating that "the life of one man is so insignificant compared with the great public welfare." How like CHAMP CLARK—always he had uppermost in his mind the public weal. He held that above all his personal interests.

My colleagues, the achievements, the character, and the life of CHAMP CLARK in the great eternal extent of time shall run like Tennyson's Brook.

Address of Mr. Stedman, of North Carolina

Mr. Speaker: In the brief space of time to which I would be necessarily compelled to restrict myself to-night it would be idle and vain to attempt to deliver a eulogy on the character of Hon. Champ Clark, our deceased colleague and friend. Of his high and distinguished patriotism, of his attainments as a statesman, of his love of truth and abhorrence of falsehood, cant, and hypocrisy, and of other traits which belong only to the noble, I can not now speak and do justice to his memory. I shall seek the opportunity to do so, by permission of the House, at some time during the special session. To all of us his death is a grievous affliction, and to none I believe more than to myself.

Address of Mr. Bell, of Georgia

Mr. Speaker: We have met to pay our last tribute of respect to a great man who only yesterday passed into the great beyond, from whence no traveler e'er returns. We are loath to give him up, but God knows best.

I can not think thee wholly gone;
The better part of thee is with us still;
Thy soul its hampering clay aside hath thrown,
And only freer wrestles with the ill.

No man in the United States was more widely known or more universally loved than Champ Clark. His name had long since become familiar at the fireside of every American home. But few people in this great Commonwealth of ours did not know the history and life of this great man.

His public service and his great personal work were such as to make him easily one of the greatest leaders our country has ever known. He was for nearly 30 years one of the most successful legislators in this great body of selected men. During his eight years as Speaker he commanded the respect of every Member on both sides of the aisle, and all had perfect confidence in his word, his honesty, his loyalty, his judgment, and his good intentions.

How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise—
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambition, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

He was a man of marked ability, calm, cool, collected, and absolutely sincere. He always spoke the truth and abhorred the slightest fabrication in any way. He was as

true as the needle to the pole and never played false to a friend. He leaves behind him a name which can not be defamed and a character which, if measured by gold, could not be counted in the days, months, and years in which he lived. He was an educated man, the manner in which he obtained his education, almost entirely through his own efforts, being familiar to us all and appreciated by everyone. His love for the right and his hatred for the wrong were the predominating characteristics which made him truly a great man. He was brave, courageous, determined, and self-possessed. His handsome face and stalwart form attracted the attention of people wherever he was found.

He loved his friends and they loved him. I was thrown almost constantly with him for 16 years and was one of his most intimate and closest friends. He was the standard bearer of my faith in the innate nobility of mankind. He was not like the proud sycophant, who knows so much and loves so little. He was never domineering nor in any sense resentful, but always had the highest regard for the wishes and desires of those with whom he associated. He had a heart overflowing with love for his fellow man—

> A life that all the Muses deck'd
> With gifts of grace, that might express
> All comprehensive tenderness,
> All subtilizing intellect.

Yes; our friend, our brother, has left us, but—

> Thou sleepest not, for now thy love hath wings
> To soar where hence thy hope could hardly fly.
>
> And often, from that other world, on this
> Some gleams from great souls gone before may shine,
> To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss,
> And clothe the right with luster more divine.

Address of Mr. Tilson, of Connecticut

Mr. Speaker: I am not willing to let pass unimproved the opportunity to record a word of appreciation of ex-Speaker Clark. He was already at the zenith of his great power and influence as a Member of the House when I entered the Sixty-first Congress. He was then ranking minority member of the Committee on Ways and Means and floor leader of the minority. An extra session of Congress had been called to revise the tariff. Partisan lines were somewhat tightly drawn and party feeling was at times tense. It was a critical period in the history of American political parties. If the Republicans could preserve party solidarity through the tariff-revision period it would go far toward making the revision satisfactory to the country, while Republican dissension meant Democratic opportunity. Able, aggressive, resourceful leadership in the House was absolutely essential for the Democrats in order to take advantage of any Republican mistakes, and such leadership they had in the person of Champ Clark.

Democratic opportunity soon came, and it was not allowed to go unimproved. Champ Clark was preeminently a party man and a party fighter. He did not confine his activities to the times when it was political fair weather for his party. He had fought the battles of his party in foul weather as well as fair for many years, but in the Sixty-first Congress the political weather was surely most propitious for the Democrats, and he made the most of it. At that time no other one man in America was so completely or accurately representative of the Democratic Party.

From a stinging defeat in 1908 he saw his party rally under his leadership in Congress, take full advantage of

Republican dissension, and easily capture the House in 1910. He was not only the logical candidate of his party for the Speakership, but no one else was even mentioned for the place. It was one of the unfortunate consequences of taking full advantage of Republican division that, substantially with his advent to the great office of Speaker, political exigency demanded that that high office be stripped of much of its power, influence, and usefulness, for CHAMP CLARK was in every way qualified to become a great Speaker and to exercise with wisdom as well as patriotism all the duties and responsibilities usually associated with the office.

Of the powers and duties not shorn from the Speaker, that of presiding over the House in actual session is, of course, the most conspicuous, and it was along this line that Mr. CLARK had had least experience. As a parliamentary advocate and debater he had shown great strength, but as a parliamentarian it was not so certain that he would find it easy. No one will probably ever know whether or not he found it easy, and it does not matter, but it is history too recent and too well known to need comment that he did become a great presiding officer.

CHAMP CLARK was a party man, a real partisan, and never claimed for a moment that he would not use the power of his office to advance the interests of his party, so far as this could be done legitimately; but he had great respect for the office of Speaker and he was careful that his rulings should be founded upon reason as well as parliamentary precedent, so that they might be worthy of a place among the decisions of the great Speakers of the House. His work as Speaker will entitle him to rank high in the galaxy of great Americans who have filled that high office. His greatest work, however, in my judgment, was his work as a strong, rugged political fighter, both in the

ranks and as a leader of the party of which he was so valiant a champion.

Our Government is, in effect, a government by party and has ever been most satisfactorily carried on when there are present and active two strong, well-organized parties, one in control of the Government and the other in opposition. CHAMP CLARK was always a militant member of his party whether in power or in opposition, and as such rendered his greatest and most effective service. The country needs more of such party men, regardless of the party to which they belong. But CHAMP CLARK was much more than a party man, more than a party fighter, more than a party leader. He was a big American and a fine rugged type of the best product of American political life. If his loyalty to party was great, it was but indicative of his still greater devotion to country. Much as he loved his party, he loved his country more. His party was for him but the instrument through which he served his country.

Address of Mr. Fuller, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker: I can not let this occasion pass without expressing, briefly, my tribute to the life and public services of our departed friend, former Speaker Champ Clark, and my appreciation of the many kindnesses shown me by him while he was Speaker of this House. In his death I know that we all feel the loss of a friend and the country has lost one of its greatest statesmen. As Speaker of the House he was always fair and just. As a Representative he was always for what he believed to be for the best interests of the country. He was a typical American—honest, sincere, just, and always patriotic. He loved this country and its institutions and ever had an abiding faith in the continued greatness, prosperity, and success of free government as embodied in the Constitution and laws of the country. To his family and most intimate friends we can only express the sympathy we all feel, and to the country the fact of the loss of a great statesman, whose patriotic services and devotion to duty will ever be entitled to grateful remembrance.

Address of Mr. Igoe, of Missouri

Mr. Speaker: The people of the entire Nation join the people of the State of Missouri in mourning the death of Champ Clark. His passing takes from us a man who was loved, admired, and respected, and one whose admirable and distinguished public career will find a permanent place in the history of our country.

To the Members of Congress who served with him he seemed to be as much a part of the House of Representatives as its rules and customs. He had become almost an institution. The memory of his service will always be an inspiration to the present and future Members of the House. His splendid character, his warm sympathy for the toiler, his championship of human rights, his passionate and undivided love of his country, his simple and unaffected manner even in the high place he attained, marked him as a genuine and great American.

The story of his struggles and achievements will always appeal to the imagination of the American youth and will urge them on to high and noble efforts in their own behalf and in behalf of their country.

When I became a Member of the House he went out of his way to help me. Many times he called me aside and, relating his own experiences as a Member, would encourage and advise me. With all the demands upon him by reason of his office as Speaker, he seemed to delight in finding time to tell new Members of the customs and traditions of the House, of the opportunities for great service that was theirs, and of the responsibilities of membership in the House. He believed in the House of Representatives, he had confidence in its membership, and he never

lost an opportunity to answer, in public and private, any unfair or unjust criticism of the House or its membership.

Speaker CLARK was always approachable, always ready to advise and assist his fellow Members, always frank, candid, and honest. He could not try to make himself appear to be what he was not. He would not hide behind a mask nor would he attempt to give anyone a false impression of his attitude or position. A dissembler he never was. Courageous in every sense of the word, he formed his own opinions and fought nobly for them. His conscience was his guide—the welfare and happiness of his country the sole object of his public acts.

He was never unmindful of his obligations to those he represented. Upon one occasion he said: "No man is fit to be the lawgiver for a mighty people who yields to the demands and solicitation of the few who have access to his ear and is forgetful of the vast multitude who may never hear his voice nor look into his face." CHAMP CLARK never listened to the few and was never forgetful of the vast multitude.

He loved his party and was deeply attached to the principles upon which it was founded. He fought for these principles, even against members of his own party. He believed that the triumph of these principles and their faithful preservation were of more importance than the success of any individual or even the temporary success of the party achieved by being false to them.

The best known and the most beloved citizen of Missouri has passed away. The people of that great State will never forget his splendid public service and they will always be proud of this distinguished son who by his life, character, and works brought such great honor and distinction to her.

Address of Mr. Siegel, of New York

Mr. Speaker: When I first came to Congress, six years ago, one of the first Members that I had the pleasure of being introduced to was the late Champ Clark.

I shall always recollect how, when meeting him, he jocosely started to spar, remarking, "Now I fight mit Siegel." Similarly this attitude continued during the entire time, and on January 18 last, when the reapportionment bill was being considered, he delivered his last speech, commencing with the following:

> Mr. Clark of Missouri. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, all over Missouri there are old Union soldiers whose chief boast is that they "fought mit Siegel." And to-day I am going to "fight mit Siegel" myself. [Laughter and applause.]

He was one of the best-read men in Congress and was one of its greatest students of English literature. He spent considerable of his time in reading American history and at all times and places had the work of Congress in mind. As he was passing away his last words were "The question is on the conference report."

During his lifetime he uttered many words of friendly advice to his colleagues and to the country. It is fitting, therefore, that his view as to the functions of the majority leader, minority leader, and the whip, as described by him in his book at pages 337 and 338 of volume 2, entitled "My Quarter Century of American Politics," should be here referred to. He believed that—

> The chief function of the majority leader is to keep the business of the House well in hand, to look after details, to see to it, especially on important occasions, that his party fellows are present, and generally to supervise and lead in debate. He must necessarily keep in close touch with the chairmen of committees.

The duties of the minority leader are much the same as those of the majority leader. In order to succeed both leaders must possess tact, patience, firmness, ability, courage, quickness of thought, and knowledge of the rules and practices of the House.

The whips are the right hands of the two leaders. To be efficient they must know the membership by sight; be on as friendly a footing with them as possible; know where they reside, both in Washington and at home; know their habits, their recreations, their loafing places, the condition of their health and that of their families; the numbers of their telephones; when they are out of the city; when they will return; how they would probably vote on a pending measure; what churches they attend; what theaters they frequent—in short, all about them. The ideal whip should be able to furnish a fairly good skeleton biography of his flock on short notice. His principal duty is to have his fellow political Members in the House when needed. On critical occasions, when great questions are to be decided, especially when a close vote is expected, much energy is expended by the whips in order to muster the full party strength.

It may seem strange that men who are over 25 years of age holding the great office of Representative in Congress—a place to secure which they undergo all sorts of labor and wear and tear of brawn and brain—will, having attained it, play hooky, like a lot of schoolboys when fishing is good and enticing; but there are some such—not a great number, however. Still, there are enough of them to sometimes decide the fate of important measures. These render the whips necessary. The right sort of whip soon becomes a great force in the House. He keeps the Speaker and the leader informed as to the probable vote on particular measures and the inclinations and predilection of Members. His duties are multifarious and onerous, but he has his ample reward in the good opinion of the House and his enhanced prospects of promotion. An active and capable new Member can not secure an assignment more for his own benefit than that of whip, particularly when the House is in a situation approximating political equilibrium. In a House with a big majority one way or the other he is not of such great importance.

A vast majority of measures are nonpolitical; but on many nonpolitical questions the fight is as hot and the excitement is as tense as on political questions.

When he wrote this description of the duties of these three important officials of the House he expressed his matured thought and judgment as to the duties and obligations of those who lead in the House and of all of its Members.

I shall never forget the manner in which he showed his affection for the three boys who happened to be on the floor of the House of Representatives at the time when the last session of the Sixty-fourth Congress was closed. He spoke to the two sons of the Hon. John Esch, the able Representative for many years from Wisconsin, and my oldest son, Seymour, now 12 years of age. In addition thereto he wrote upon a sheet of congressional paper the words, "Your friend, Champ Clark," which he will always prize highly.

Champ Clark left the world better than he found it, having found pleasure in his work all of his life. He always judged men by the best that was in them, and never sought to find their faults. Children loved him for his intense interest in them, and all who knew him admired his sterling character, genial disposition, and his love for his fellow men.

Champ Clark has passed to the far beyond, where we all must go some day and where we shall all meet again. His name, however, is endeared in the hearts of the American people for all time, and in years to come the rising generations will point to the career of a man who put service to his country far above everything else.

Address of Mr. Byrns, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: Champ Clark has been called home. The news of his passing away had been hourly expected by his colleagues in Congress, for everyone knew that he had been critically ill for several days in his hotel near the Capitol and that his doctors had announced that his life was fast ebbing away. The death of a friend and loved one always comes as a great shock, even though it has been long expected, and when the announcement was made in the House during the noisy and busy hours incident to the close of the session that the brave and chivalrous spirit of Champ Clark had taken its flight to his Maker the sudden hush and stillness which swept over the Chamber and the unchecked tears in the eyes of many of the oldest Members bore eloquent witness of the universal love and esteem of his colleagues.

I dare say that no Member of Congress ever enjoyed to a greater degree the respect and friendship of all of his colleagues, regardless of party affiliation. No greater tribute could be paid him, for, as I have often heard him say, there is no place outside the House of Representatives where a man's measure is taken with such unerring and merciless exactness. He early chose a life of service to his country and to his fellow man, rather than the pursuit of riches and his own personal and selfish happiness. In this broad field of usefulness he made good in the highest sense. For more than two decades he served as a Member of the House of Representatives. He has left the imprint of his wisdom and statesmanship in many of the highly constructive and beneficial statutes passed during that time. He served for eight years as

Speaker of the House. In times past many great Americans have presided over the House, but it can be truly said that Champ Clark presided with such great fairness and impartiality and with such ability that he will always rank as one of the greatest Speakers of the House.

Mr. Speaker, it was a great privilege to have known Champ Clark, and a much greater privilege to have shared his friendship. I have taken advantage of this opportunity to very briefly express my admiration for this great American, statesman, and orator, who has written his name high on the scroll of those who have rendered distinguished service to their country and to their fellow man, and to express my gratitude for the many kindnesses shown me and the wise counsel and advice given me during the years of my service with him. His warm friend and colleague, Judge Dickinson, of Missouri, has truly said that those who knew him best loved him most. And let me add that millions of American men and women who perhaps did not know him personally, but who nevertheless are familiar with his life and character, mourn the loss of this splendid American citizen and statesman.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Address of Mr. Smith, of Michigan

Mr. Speaker: I knew Champ Clark very well. During the first eight years of my service in the House of Representatives he was the Speaker, and for the last four years we lived at the same hotel. As Speaker he had the respect and confidence of all the Members. He was a strong Democrat, but his decisions were fairly made and are cited to-day as precedents by the present Republican Speaker.

I attended the Baltimore Democratic convention in 1912, as an onlooker, because of its proximity to Washington. At that convention he led in the ballots for President 29 times and received a majority of all the votes on eight ballots. Any one of those eight ballots would have nominated him in a Republican convention, but a nominee in a Democratic convention must have not only a majority but also must receive two-thirds of all the votes cast. I was present in the House the next morning when the House met after the convention had nominated Mr. Wilson. When Mr. Clark mounted the Speaker's stand we all stood up and applauded and cheered him. He had a careworn look and was almost as white as marble, clearly showing the disappointment and effect of his defeat. He immediately called us to order, and without a word of comment concerning his defeat proceeded with the order of business.

He declined the appointment by the governor of Missouri for United States Senator in 1918. At the last election he was beaten for election to Congress by a Republican, and it would be strange if defeat following defeat had made no inroad upon his health. But through it all he never lost the good will or regard of his friends, and when the dread message came to Champ Clark to close the book of his active earthly career a pall of sadness and

sorrow swept over a Nation of admirers and loving friends who deeply mourn his departure.

He was born on the 7th of March, 1850, and died March 2, 1921, at his hotel in Washington while still in the harness. He had hoped that he might end his days in Congress, and this desire came to pass. Had he lived five days longer he would have been 71 years of age.

CHAMP CLARK was not only a great statesman but as well an author, scholar, and historian. His latest work, entitled "My Quarter Century of American Politics," of two volumes, undoubtedly will become the leading authority of the politics of his career and of his time. It was a real treat to listen to him discourse on political events, both current and past, during the long winter evenings at his hotel, surrounded by a large circle of friends. It seemed as if he knew all the Members of the Continental Congress and all of the chief events of all the other Congresses. He spoke of Thomas Jefferson as if they had been boon companions. He described Jefferson as having red hair, a freckled face, tall, lean, and lank, played a fiddle, and was fond of dancing. Stated that Divinity guided the hand of Jefferson when he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

Strong in stature, in the prime of life, a giant in intellect always, he died the Grand Old Man. His life might well be referred to as an inspiration to any poor boy or young man who must be the author of his own fortune. He tells us that his mother died when he was only 3 days old; that his father never had $500 worth of property at any one time in his life; that his first books were "The Life of Patrick Henry," "The Articles of Confederation," "The Declaration of Independence," "The Constitution of the United States," and "Washington's Farewell Address." Besides these, he also gave great attention to the Bible; for it was said of him that he quoted the Bible

more frequently and accurately than any other public man in a quarter of a century. I have heard him preach and marveled at the readiness with which he turned to different passages of Scripture.

That he laid the foundation of his after life and successful career by hard work and hard study is shown by his attending first the common schools, then Kentucky University, Bethany College, and the Cincinnati Law School. President of Marshall College at the age of 22. No blessing ever befell or has been of greater benefit to the world than the opportunity of acquiring schooling and an education. But he saw the practical side of life as well, for he was a hired farm hand, clerk in a country store, editor, and lawyer. His ability was known to his constituents, for he has held the office of city attorney, prosecuting attorney, member of the legislature, and of Congressman for 24 years.

He was very proud of his son Bennett, a most exceptionally talented young man, who acted as his parliamentary clerk and who resigned to enter the World War. In an address delivered on the floor of the House he stated that should his son make the supreme sacrifice he would have inscribed on the simple tablet that would mark his resting place, "Here lies the remains of a true American soldier, who died in the defense of his country."

This great American citizen has departed. He leaves legions of friends. He spent the best of his life in the service of his country. He leaves a great name and a most honorable career. While he was a strong partisan, he was nevertheless a great patriot. And while he belonged to the old school of statesmen, he was vigilant at all times of the welfare of his country. We assign his faults to oblivion, while his gentle spirit wings itself with the sunset of eventide to the haven of eternal bliss, and remember him as we last knew him, "CHAMP CLARK, the Grand Old Man."

Address of Mr. Schall, of Minnesota

Mr. Speaker: As I listened to-night to the men of this House "bringing their robin's leaf to deck the hearse" of that great champion of democracy, the rightful leader of the Democratic Party, in whose life its principles have been fostered and exemplified, a glowing, living, brilliant example of pure Americanism, it seemed the recital of the cold facts of a man's life as little show forth his warm, intrinsic personality as does the cold bodily habitation after the spirit has released its hold. The thing that made us love Champ Clark defies the facile phrase maker. His influence and personality can not be measured by the rule of thumb. When the last tribute has been paid him the hearts that love him will yearn for more. Words can not do justice to the wealth of the spirit that has passed beyond our ken.

The loss of his kindly, well-loved presence is personal to every man in this House. I could not see the striking, handsome face, the majesty of bearing, but I could feel the power of his character, the calm mastery and dignity of his manner, the warmth and steadiness of his friendship. He is not dead; he is more living than we.

As I heard our beloved leader, Jim Mann, handling the gavel which was to have been presented by him to his old friend and colleague I could not resist the impulse which coursed through me that Champ was here among us and he only marvels at our misunderstanding that he is not, and is tried by our lack of comprehension and sympathizes at our limited material vision which can not see him. I wanted to suggest, "Champ Clark is here. Present the gavel to him." He may not be able to take it materially, but, radiant and unshackled as he is, he is

ready to receive the sign and symbol of respect, love, veneration.

It seemed I could sense his presence here with us to-night; could almost feel the friendly pressure of his hand upon my knee, and hear, as was his wont, his thoughtful "Hello, Schall," as he passed by. I can not feel that he has gone to some far country, but rather is communing with us, and were it not for a dullness of our spiritual eye, a muffling of our faith, we could perceive him.

He was so full of little kindnesses, simply given. He never forgot a friend. A plain, blunt patriot, whose dry wit played unoffendingly over friend and foe alike.

When the House was evenly divided at the opening of the War Congress it fell to my lot to cast a deciding vote for CHAMP CLARK for Speaker. While the motive which influenced me was not one of personal friendship, as I hardly knew Mr. CLARK, but rather a desire that the machinery of war should be speedily set in motion and not be retarded by a long-drawn-out battle, such as marked a previous like situation, still his mind was so broad and fair and his vision so keen that he took the deed for an earnest and gave me his prized friendship ungrudgingly.

For the sake of record and for his family, who may treasure the memory of his participation in that most tense crisis of our national history, I wish to insert at this point my speech made April 2, 1917, giving reason for my vote as a Republican for CHAMP CLARK as Speaker and for the organization of the House by the Democrats, and whence arose my honored privilege of nominating him for his last Speakership.

The CLERK. The next business in order is the election of a Speaker. Nominations for Speaker are in order.

Mr. SCHALL. We are met to-day efficiently and harmoniously to organize the House and quickly to put it into condition to transact

the public business. The issue of the organization of this House is the issue of the Nation. It is not the tariff; it is not whether any one party, any one man, or any one group of men shall fail or succeed. The question is whether the Nation, involved in an international crisis, shall show to the world a solid front. [Applause.] Full cooperation between the President and Congress should be a national benefit, impossible with one branch Republican and one branch Democratic. [Applause.] A State divided against itself would stand in time of peace, but to-day such a condition might hold a serious menace. To-day our vision should project beyond party cleavage. The responsibility weighing down our President should inspire the utmost cooperation, even to the extent of foregoing party advantage, that to-day's action may square with the public good. [Applause.]

The extraordinary peril to-day renders partisanship dangerous, for it would be interpreted as showing a divided spirit. To-day there should be just one party, and that is the American party. [Applause.] We can settle our domestic differences later. Standing at the crossway of party and Nation, as an independent Progressive Republican I have no hesitancy as to which way is right. The responsibility of my vote has weighed heavily upon my soul. I have reviewed and rereviewed the situation from every possible angle, and I have again and again been forced to the same conclusion. I have asked God to guide me, that in my vote I might not be false to any man, much less betray a trust confided in me.

I am not unmindful of the sterling, deserving, patriotic character of the able, hard-working, faithful Republican candidate, and were our country not facing an international crisis, with a Democratic President and a Democratic Senate, I should with full party pride cast my vote for the Republican candidate. My father was a Republican and voted for and fought under Abraham Lincoln. I have always been a Republican and still am a Lincoln Republican, and I believe that the spirit of that greatest American is here with us to-day, guiding the destiny of our Nation, upholding the hands of our President in this hour of trial.

But I am ready at any time to give of myself whatever my country can use. With my sightless eyes I would be of little service on the field of battle, but in the position I hold I can to-day, with the light that God gives me, vote right and let the consequences to me be what they may. [Applause.] The responsibility of Congress, I believe, should be with the President.

Should the Republican Party succeed in organizing the House, evenly divided as it is, with a Democratic Senate and a Democratic President, it could accrue no possible advantage and would only furnish an excuse for Democratic failures. The party that have controlled our Nation during the development of the present crisis should reap the harvest of the seeds they have sown.

From all over the country, by wire, by letter, by petition, by newspaper, by voice, have come the word, whatever it may mean, "Stand by the President." [Applause.] The legislature of my State, with only one dissenting vote, passed resolutions to that effect. Labor, professional, business, civic, farmers, and church organizations and individuals all urge the upholding of the President. Leading Republicans from all over the country, among them no less than the illustrious ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, and Elihu Root, and Charles E. Hughes, pledge their word to stand by the President in this international crisis. Newspapers from coast to coast are editorially calling upon the men intrusted with the Nation's heritage to stand by the President. I know of no better way, at the outset of this Congress, to assist the President in standing erect under his heavy burden than to help him retain the organization of the House, and I shall therefore cast my vote for that progressive Democrat, CHAMP CLARK [applause], one of the most able and one of the squarest men who has ever graced the Speaker's chair. [Applause.] In so doing it is my patriotic hope that not to-morrow nor the next day, but to-day, after the first roll call, the trained lightning may flash the message of our unity, a warning to all the world that, despite internal differences, when external danger threatens, from North to South, from East to West, Americans stand for America. [Applause.]

The CLERK. Did the gentleman from Minnesota intend to place Mr. CLARK of Missouri in nomination for Speaker?

Mr. SCHALL. It was not my intention. I merely wished to state the reasons and motive for my vote, but, since I am going to vote for him, I can see no reason why I should not. I deem it an unusual honor and gladly place him in nomination for Speaker.

The CLERK. CHAMP CLARK, of Missouri, has been placed in nomination for Speaker of the House.

However great were his mental qualities, his courage, his integrity, his justice, it was his heart of understanding that made him one of the few—never too proud to be a simple human being, never too dignified to show an honest emotion. Devoted to his family, the offering up of his beloved son on the altar of his country caused his step to halt a little and the tones of his voice to deepen with sorrow. He shamed not to let the tears fall, and it seemed to me I could note each day the chain drag a little more toilsomely. Even the safe return of the boy did not restore his former spirit, and the death of the adored little grandson, Champ Clark 3d, wrenched away another hold on life. But when, after a long series of fruitful years and honest, faithful service, he was swept into the discard for the faults of another, faults he saw and results he foretold, then burst his mighty heart. I saw him in the corridors of the House one day in early December and said, "But you'll come back, Champ." He rejoined with bitter conviction, "Schall, I'll never come back." The chill foreboding of the fate that was to be his spoke in his words. I could not answer him.

Yet it is a fitting end that he should die in action, die as he has lived, fighting forward. Lawyer, statesman, patriot, his life will be an inspiration to the youth of our land and a guide to those in authority. With Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Patrick Henry, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and other bulwarks of the Nation, he has joined the ages, to guard, by his example of life and the force of his spirit, the destiny of his country, his beloved America, the hope of the world.

Mr. Speaker: I am sorry that I could not have said this instead of writing it. It is the sort of thing which I believe should be spoken rather than written. But I realize that the high honor of speaking on the floor of the House in commemoration of our beloved ex-Speaker should be granted first to those who were so fortunate as to have served with him longer than I.

If I had been accorded the opportunity of speaking I should have told of our friend's courtesy and consideration toward me as a new Member; of how, the first day I came here, I rambled by mistake into the Democratic cloakroom and how he kept me there for half an hour after I had discovered my error, with the suggestion that I was not intruding and that he wanted to talk to me; of how, later, when it became necessary for me to take up a matter with him in his capacity as minority leader he not only assured me of his cooperation but offered many helpful suggestions. But, doubtless, many Members on both sides of this Chamber were drawn to him by similar experiences.

So, I now desire merely to share as well as I can with the few who will read this printed page a little glimpse which I had of the man's great, tender heart.

About a year and a half ago my wife and I and our baby boy and a little girl who lives with us sat at a table in the hotel dining room not far from the table occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Clark. A little child in a hotel gets into some bad habits because he makes so many friends in such a place. Ours would run away at any opportunity to go visiting. He always had the privileges of the floor and unlimited time with the ex-Speaker. We would look

around for him and see him standing with his chin about level with the big man's high knee engaged in very interesting and confidential discussion.

Mr. Clark got into the habit of pausing for a few seconds at our table to speak to the baby. Often he would give him something to play with, a bright new penny, perhaps, or a pecan nut. He seemed to always have a supply of pecans in his pocket. I believe he was accustomed to crack them with his strong, white teeth. Once or twice he gave the child a flower from his buttonhole. He would ask the baby how he was, and the baby would always answer, very quickly, "Fine."

There came a time when for a number of days Mr. Clark did not stop at our table, but went by, sad and preoccupied. Then, later, he stopped just once more. He stood for a moment gently twisting a lock of the baby's red hair. Then he put out his big forefinger, and the child seized it and said "Fine," in answer to the expected question, before a word had been spoken. We could see Mr. Clark's chin twitch. We wanted to speak, but could not. The lumps were rising in our own throats, for it was the first time he had been in the dining room since the death of his own bright and beautiful little grandson, about the same age as our child. He suddenly pulled his finger from the baby's grasp and hurried away without a word.

We knew that the great man, the kindly gentleman, had stopped to bless our little lad with the hope that he might live long and prosper. Perhaps also he had thought to soothe his own grief and yearning for a moment by the touch of this child's hand.

Afterwards, when that little boy was at death's door for two weeks, Mr. Clark spoke to me once or twice with a word of encouragement, but generally he would just look at me quite closely when he saw me here on the floor.

One day he must have overheard me say to some one that the boy was getting well, for he patted me twice on the shoulder and passed on without saying anything. Perhaps he could not trust himself to speak.

I lost a friend yesterday. But I have lived long enough to lose many friends. What is much worse is that my little boy has lost a friend. So has every American boy.

Address of Mr. Eagle, of Texas

Mr. Speaker: I think we have all been conscious in the last few days that a pall of sadness has come over the House; and this day, since we have known of the passing of our beloved friend, there is an evident spirit of pathos that amounts to personal grief visible on the countenance of each of us, no matter our party creeds, no matter our religious creeds, no matter the section of this beloved country from which we come. There is a familiar face that is missed.

Champ Clark is no more; and each of us has lost a counselor, if we are young in the service; each of us has lost a comrade, if we are old in the service; and each of us has lost a veteran leader. It has seemed to me as I have gone through 50 years of life that it matters little whether a man be rich or poor, whether he leaves his children wealth or poverty, compared to the greater consideration of whether he achieve through life recognition for sterling character, uniform and unbroken courtesies and kindness and fidelity in service, and leaves a name to his family and to his country as unsullied as the stars. No man ever lived a life more free from cant, more free from hypocrisy, more free from vainglory, more free from false pretense, and more sincerely devoted to the general common good and to promoting peace and fellowship in this land than this great man who has passed away. Sincerity, country "horse sense," homely humor, apt illustration, fidelity to every trust, veracity in politics and public appearing, even as in private relations, made up the very spiritual fiber of the man. He was fundamentally honest. He came from that great body of the

people known as the common people, was born and reared upon a farm, and was put out to service by his father when he was 8 years old.

His young mind caught the vision then of honest toil, learned the reward of sincere devotion to his task, and developed the hope of education for himself and service to others. I have often thought that service is the noblest aim that ever uplifted human endeavor in this world, and CHAMP CLARK had that ennobling motive. All of his life he has been indifferent to whether he gained wealth, but all his life he has been zealously striving to be worthy of the affectionate regard of his fellow man; and everywhere in this Nation to-night, whether in snowy Maine, Vermont, or Massachusetts, whether in the golden west of Oregon, California, or Washington, whether down on the sunny shores of my own Gulf of Mexico, where the hanging moss covers the magnolia trees and the mocking birds sing throughout the livelong night—everywhere in this broad land—are men and women of sincere heart who love one flag, who are national entirely in their sentiments, who love truth and courage and veracity and the high ideals of genuine Americanism, and whose tears will mingle with ours, whose tears will mingle with those of the bereaved family, that this good and great man, after his splendid life of service to his country, has passed away.

And we, the Representatives of the mighty people of America, all bound together in one common tie of national fellowship, of national sentiment, of genuine Americanism, will take his body back to "Honeyshuck," at Bowling Green, in Pike County, Mo., where every man, woman, and child, white and black, loves him, and put him under the sod, and where his neighbors will cover the mound so high with flowers of love that his family will almost forget for the moment that his beloved form rests beneath.

I have lived as you have lived through some of the grandest scenes of time, and have shared with you the noblest emotions of the human heart. We have witnessed human triumph and human despair. We have seen human joy and we have seen human misery. We have seen human strength contend against human weakness, and we have learned to appraise the different qualities of the human heart, the different things that are great and grand in this world.

I have seen the towering mountains rise, summit on summit, until the tops were wrapped in eternal snow, and I thought that was grand; I have seen the glorious prairies of our mighty Southwest and West extend, league after league, in undulating beauty as far as human eye could see, and then onward, fit for human habitation for countless hundreds of millions yet unborn, and I thought it was grand; I have seen the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Gulf both in calmness, when the gentle zephyrs fanned my cheek, and again in the majesty of the storm as he rode supreme and cast those waves mountain high until man's mighty Leviathans seemed as mere toys, and I thought that was grand; I have sat time after time in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York and heard the mighty orchestra play and the individual genius and the splendid chorus sing the inspiring music of Faust, of Tannhauser, of Lohengrin, until the human spirit seemed to be separated entirely from the gross things of this earth, and it seemed to my spirit there was nothing but love and laughter and beauty and spirituality and holy things in this life, and I thought it was grand; I have sat under the spell of all the great orators of America, of the pulpit, the bar, the forum, and the hustings, and have considered how nearly divine is the mind, the spirit, and the personality of man when nobly exercising the highest and noblest attribute of oratory, and I have thought that

was grand; but the grandest thing I have ever seen is a good man or a good woman humbly walking in the paths of duty as they conceived it, under the guidance of Almighty God, with what spiritual vision had been given them to see it, beloved of all men who knew them, trusting others, giving of heart and giving of service, giving out what joy we may, receiving gratefully what affection others can give us, and so preparing ourselves and, as far as our influence goes, aiding others for a better life. And so noble CHAMP CLARK, God rest his soul, having done his duty throughout life, rests under the benediction of his fellow citizens and will live in the memory of this House, of his constituents, and of his country as long as accurate history of grand deeds done efficiently is written of the great men of our Nation.

FRIDAY, *March 4, 1921.*

Mr. WALSH. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that a record of the exercises to-morrow at the funeral of former Speaker CLARK may be printed in the Record.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman asks unanimous consent that a report of the exercises to-morrow at the funeral of ex-Speaker CLARK may be printed in the Record. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

FUNERAL IN THE HALL OF THE HOUSE

SATURDAY, *March 5, 1921.*

The funeral of the late CHAMP CLARK, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, took place in the Hall of the House on Saturday, March 5, 1921, at 10 o'clock and 30 minutes a. m., in the presence of the House of Representatives, the Senate, the Cabinet, representatives of the Army and Navy, the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, and the family of the deceased. The Speaker of the Sixty-sixth Congress, Mr. Frederick H. Gillett, presided, and the Vice President occupied a chair on his left.

The SPEAKER. There will be a scripture reading by the Chaplain of the House.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D.—

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God; believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you * * * that where I am, there ye may be also.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

And he shewed a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life * * * and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. * * *

And there shall be no more night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Amen.

The SPEAKER. Prayer will be offered by Dr. Couden, Chaplain Emeritus.

Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., Chaplain Emeritus, offered the following prayer:

O Thou who art infinite in wisdom, power, and goodness, we stand before Thee, the Almighty Father, and wait upon Thee for help in this hour of need.

We are here in the presence of the sacred dead—dead, yet he liveth. He has been called to a larger and more sacred life. Strong of mentality, warm of heart, clear of vision, wise of judgment, he was a leader among leaders; an orator who, when he spoke, the people hung upon his lips with bated breath.

Our country has lost a patriot, an honest, noble, worthy man, a student of the Scriptures, who tried to walk according to the rules of right and justice. He has left us, but we shall go to him, for life is eternal.

Creeds die, but deeds live and weave themselves into the soul of man, and will ever guide to the right and truth and justice and love and mercy.

Be with us as we gather here; give us courage, strength, faith, and love, that the truth of the immortality of the soul may live in our hearts and lift us over the rough places of life; and when it is ours to answer the call, may we be ready to go and enter upon that larger life in one of God's many mansions where there will be work for us all.

Let Thy special blessing be upon his widow and his children. His home was ideal. His affection knew no bounds. They loved him and will miss him all the years that are to come; but help them through the blessed hope of the immortality of the soul to look forward to a blessed reunion that shall never end, where sorrow, death, and disappointments never come. We ask it in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ, who said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me shall never die." Amen.

The National Quartet—Elizabeth S. Maxwell, soprano; Lillian Chenoweth, alto; W. E. Braithwaite, tenor; and Harry M. Forker, bass—sang "How Firm a Foundation."

ADDRESS OF MR. MANN, OF ILLINOIS

The SPEAKER: An address will be delivered by Representative James R. Mann.

Mr. MANN. Those who knew him best loved him most; and yet there are millions who never looked upon his countenance, molded like a finely chiseled Greek statue; who never heard his magnetic voice, strong, persuasive, and compelling in its influence; and who never in time of personal need received his counsel or his friendly aid; but they, too, loved him.

A great legislator, a wonderful parliamentary debater, a strong partisan; but always a friend and a believer in the plain, simple citizen; he was a plain, simple man, whose ideals reached to the sky but whose feet never left

the ground. In fiery debate and strong party feeling he was masterly on the floor, but he never intended to inflict pain upon any opponent.

His friends were wherever he was met. His partisanship did not detract from his courtliness or his courtesy. And when he left the floor as majority leader of his party and assumed the office of Speaker of the House, while he still remained a valuable party counselor, he never permitted partisanship to control or influence his action as Speaker. He drew men to him.

Early in his career in the House he served under another strong partisan who was eminent as Speaker. Even in that early day of his congressional life Thomas B. Reed learned to know him and to love him.

He served while Mr. Cannon was Speaker, in very stormy days in the House, but always had the affectionate regard of the Speaker, to whom he returned it.

It is difficult for me to speak of the days while he was the Speaker and I was the minority leader. We had learned to know each other well before that time, but in our peculiar positions there came to be an affectionate regard between the Speaker, the majority leader, and the minority leader which seldom has been equaled and probably never excelled in the history of parliamentary bodies. Compelled to act as a partisan here on the floor, as I was frequently, I tried never to deceive or mislead the Speaker, and he more than responded with the determined effort to act as a loving father to the House, as a wise counselor to the country, and as a judicial, impartial presiding officer and Speaker.

His memory will remain as an inspiration to the House and to the people of the country long after we are gone. His influence on future generations will increase as history records what he was. We mourn him here; we knew his worth; we knew his loving-kindness; we knew his

feeling for the people; we knew and were proud of his American spirit, of his belief in the people and the destiny of his country.

No man stands more preeminent in the history of our country as a good, strong American citizen than did our beloved friend.

We mourn with his beloved widow, with his gallant son, who aided the House so well for many years; with his sweet daughter, who was the pet of the House; and we shall mourn and admire as time goes on.

ADDRESS OF MR. REED, OF MISSOURI

The SPEAKER. An address will be delivered by Senator Reed, of Missouri.

Senator REED. A wonderful stream is the river of life. A slender thread emerging from the mysterious realm of birth, it laughs and dances through the wonder world of childhood. Its broadening currents sweep the plains of youth between the flower-decked banks of romance and of hope. A mighty torrent, it rushes over the rapids of manhood and breaks in foam upon the rocks of opposition and defeat, then glides away across the barren, sterile fields of age until it is engulfed and lost within the waters of the eternal sea.

The robes of royalty, the beggar's rags, the rich man's golden hoard, the pauper's copper pence, the jeweled diadems of princes, and the thorny crowns of martyrs alike are swept by the same ceaseless tides.

The miracle of birth, the mystery of death remain the unsolved problems of all time. The shepherd philosopher who three thousand years ago upon the Syrian plains observed the procession of the planets and contemplated the decrees of fate was as wise perhaps as is the wisest of to-day. He only knew that standing here upon this bank of time his straining eyes could not glimpse

even the shadowy outline of the farther shore. He could only behold the white sails of receding fleets; ships that sail out, but never come again. He only knew that at the grave's dread mouth all men must cast aside the burden of their honors and their griefs; that man takes with him only that which he has freely given away; but that even death may not despoil him of the riches of service and self-sacrifice.

Measured by that standard, he who sleeps to-day bears with him to the tomb a legacy so rare that even envy is compelled to pay the tribute of admiration.

His long life was devoted to the public weal. Upon his country's altar he placed his wonderful natural talent, the zeal of his youth, the energy of middle life, the wisdom of old age.

With tireless brain he wrought to promote the general good, with sympathetic spirit he labored to lift the burdens of sorrow from the shoulders of the oppressed. His heart cried out for all who trod adversity's harsh road. He explored every avenue of learning and burned his candle late into the night that he might gather for them the lore of other countries and of other times.

The fires of patriotic love for home and country consumed his very soul. He faced each task with the heroic courage of those who do not count the cost. His character rested upon a foundation laid deep in human love.

CHAMP CLARK lives because his works live. He lives because he helped to defend and keep secure the Constitution that preserves our rights. He lives in the Declaration of Independence, whose principles he nurtured with a tender and fearless affection. He lives because he helped liberty to live. Men who have so achieved never die. In ever-widening circles the influences of CHAMP CLARK will be felt, and deeper and yet deeper the tender love the people of his State have borne for him will sink into their hearts.

As time runs on and the historian surveys the picture of these troubled days there will arise in it no figure more heroic than the rugged form that lies so still to-day.

He was the best beloved of Americans.

How cold are words. Let me speak of the man as my friend. For thirty years I have known him intimately. I watched his course through all the storms of life. How big and brave and rugged was this man. He met each danger like a brave soldier. He never flinched from any task. He stood square-fronted to the world.

They say that he is dead, but we who gaze upon his marble brow must realize the man we knew does not lie here to-day. The soul that made him what he was can not have been destroyed.

To his family I can not speak; but of them let me say in all the world I never knew so much of filial affection, of wifely tenderness, of fatherly love as was manifested in his home. They must find consolation in the memory of this glorious man.

Soon he will sleep in the soil of his beloved State. As it enfolds him, the very clods that touch his coffined clay will be blessed with the love he bore for the old Commonwealth of Missouri.

The quartet sang "Come, Ye Disconsolate."

Rev. Earle Wilfley pronounced the following benediction:

Oh God, in whose hands are the destinies of the worlds, we now do commend this assemblage to the word of Thy counsel and the salvation of Thy grace. Especially we bear up before Thee the loved ones left behind. We pray Thee, O Lord God, that Thou wilt temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Be kind. Bless the stricken family to-day, O God, and on their long journey back to the

final resting place may the love of God go with them and His strong arms be round about them.

And now to Thee, Almighty God, we give all the praise for that which was beautiful and strong and kind in him who has passed on. Bless his memory, and may it be our part to keep it green, to hold it in everlasting and holy remembrance.

And now may the Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord cause his face to shine upon thee and to be gracious unto thee, the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The family, the Diplomatic Corps, the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, and the Senate then retired in their order.

The body of Mr. CLARK lay in state for one hour.

SATURDAY, *May 21, 1921.*

Mr. JONES of Texas. Mr. Chairman, I hold in my hand a copy of the eulogy delivered by my former colleague, Mr. Joe H. Eagle, on the life, character, and services of the late lamented CHAMP CLARK. Through an oversight these remarks were not presented in time to be printed in the Record for the last term, and I present them at this time for the purpose of asking to be allowed to have them printed in the Record now. A little history in connection with the delivery of this speech might be interesting to those who knew and served with the brilliant Joe Eagle. On the evening set apart for the delivery of the eulogies a number of speeches had been made. I chanced to go into the cloakroom, where Joe was sitting, and asked him why he did not go out there and make a real speech such as everyone knew he could make.

He replied that he felt he would have liked to say a few words about dear old CHAMP, but that the docket

was crowded and he had not made any preparation for that purpose. I immediately went to the chairman of the committee on arrangements (Mr. Rucker, of Missouri), and suggested that he call upon Mr. Eagle, which he said he would be delighted to do. I then notified Mr. Eagle that he would be called upon. Thus without preparation and with only a few minutes' notice—the matter having started largely in banter—was delivered what I think is one of the most beautiful eulogies this House has ever heard.

To those who knew and had the pleasure of serving with Joe Eagle this was not surprising. He is one of the most charming men in conversation, one of the most eloquent and gifted orators, and one of the gentlest and finest spirits that ever graced the Halls of the Congress. He belongs to the old-time school; he adorned this House and we shall miss him. I present this speech as actually delivered, with scarcely a word changed, and ask that it be printed in the Record just in the form it was so eloquently spoken.

The CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Texas asks unanimous consent to extend his remarks in the Record as indicated. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

WEDNESDAY, *March 2, 1921.*

A message communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. CHAMP CLARK, late a Representative from the State of Missouri, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon, including an invitation to the Vice President, the Vice President elect, the Members of the Senate, and the Members of the Senate elect to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative in the Hall of the House of Representatives, to be held on Saturday, March 5, 1921, at 10 o'clock and 30 minutes a. m.

Mr. REED. Mr. President, I have a very painful duty to perform.

For nearly a half century the public has had the services of one of the most remarkable men who have rendered the scroll of American statesmanship illustrious. At the age of 22 his talent was so recognized that he was made president of one of the important colleges of the country. By his own exertions he fought his way to the front and became distinguished at the bar of his State. He served with rare distinction and merit in the legislative bodies of his State. He came to the American Congress, where his great abilities and sterling patriotism won for him the respect of the House of Representatives, and for at least 25 years he has been a great national figure and national leader.

He was engaged in all the fierce struggles of these years, yet as he sleeps to-night there is not an enemy in all the world for CHAMP CLARK.

His integrity was never challenged, his manhood never attacked, his courage never questioned. As rugged as the

granite hills of his native State, as tender as the blossoms that glorify the fields of his adopted State, as strong as the oak, and as sweet as the babe he lived, and, like a good soldier, without fear, without drawing back, he wrapped the mantle of his manhood about him and laid him down to the embraces of that final repose which all must some time enter into.

So it is my very painful duty to announce to the Senate that at 2 o'clock and 10 minutes to-day CHAMP CLARK, former Speaker of the House of Representatives, died.

Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Assistant Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. CHAMP CLARK, a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That a committee of the House be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral of Mr. CLARK in the Hall of the House of Representatives at 10 o'clock and 30 minutes antemeridian, on Saturday, March 5, instant, and that the Members of the present House and of the House elect attend the same.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect, the remains of Mr. CLARK be removed from Washington to Bowling Green, Mo., in charge of the Sergeant at Arms, attended by the committee, who shall have full power to carry these resolutions into effect, and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate these proceedings to the Senate and invite the Vice President, the Vice President elect, the Members of the Senate, and the Members of the Senate elect to attend the funeral in the Hall of the House of Representatives; and that the Senate be invited to appoint a committee to act with the committee of the House.

Resolved, That invitations be extended to the President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet, the President elect, and the members designate of his Cabinet, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Diplomatic Corps (through the Secretary of State), the Chief of Naval Operations, and the General of the Army to attend the funeral in the Hall of the House of Representatives.

Mr. REED. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions (S. Res. 472) were read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. CHAMP CLARK, late a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That a committee of 14 Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer, to join the committee appointed by the House of Representatives, to take order for the superintending of the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Senate accepts the invitation of the House of Representatives extended to the Vice President, the Vice President elect, the Senate and the Members of the Senate elect to attend the funeral of the deceased, to be held in the Hall of the House of Representatives at 10.30 o'clock a. m., on Saturday next, March 5, instant.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair appoints as the committee on the part of the Senate to take order in superintending the funeral of Hon. CHAMP CLARK, late a Representative from the State of Missouri, Senators Reed, Spencer, Robinson, Sutherland, Shields, Kenyon, Owen, Lenroot, Ransdell, Fernald, Ashurst, Harrison, Beckham, and McKellar.

Mr. REED. As a further mark of respect, I move that the Senate now take a recess until 11 o'clock to-morrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 11 o'clock and 45 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until to-morrow, Thursday, March 3, 1921, at 11 o'clock a. m.

THURSDAY, *March 3, 1921.*

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. On the committee appointed to attend the funeral of the late Representative CLARK the Chair substitutes for the Senator from Arkansas [Mr. Robinson] the Senator from Utah [Mr. King], and for the senior Senator from Arizona [Mr. Ashurst] the junior Senator from Arizona [Mr. Smith].

SATURDAY, *March 5, 1921.*

Rev. J. J. Muir, D. D., the Chaplain, offered the following prayer:

Our Father, Thou art teaching us many lessons day by day. We are learning that the smile and the tear may be very close and that while rejoicings may fill our hearts at times shadows of grief also come to us. We ask Thee for Thy grace to-day to meet the shadows which hover about this Capitol and Nation. Direct with Thy blessing the comfort needed to those who are bereaved, and help us each to fulfill our duty according to Thy mind and will. For Thy Name's sake. Amen.

Mr. LODGE. Mr. President, I ask that the Senate take a recess in order that it may attend the funeral ceremonies of the late Speaker of the House, Hon. CHAMP CLARK, in accordance with the invitation of the House, and that the Senate proceed in a body to the Hall of the House of Representatives.

Mr. UNDERWOOD. The Senate will reconvene as soon as we return?

Mr. LODGE. Certainly. I am asking that the Senate stand in recess.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Without objection, the Senate will stand in recess. The Sergeant at Arms will take the necessary steps to carry out the order of the Senate.

Thereupon (at 10 o'clock and 15 minutes a. m.) the Senate, preceded by the Sergeant at Arms, the Vice President, the Secretary, and the Assistant Secretary, proceeded to the Hall of the House of Representatives for the purpose of attending the funeral ceremonies.

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